

THE QUEEN OF CONNEMARA. A Complete Story.
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK and the TEMPORAL POWER of the POPE

AUSTRALIAN IMMIGRATION. By J. Henniker Heaton, M.P.

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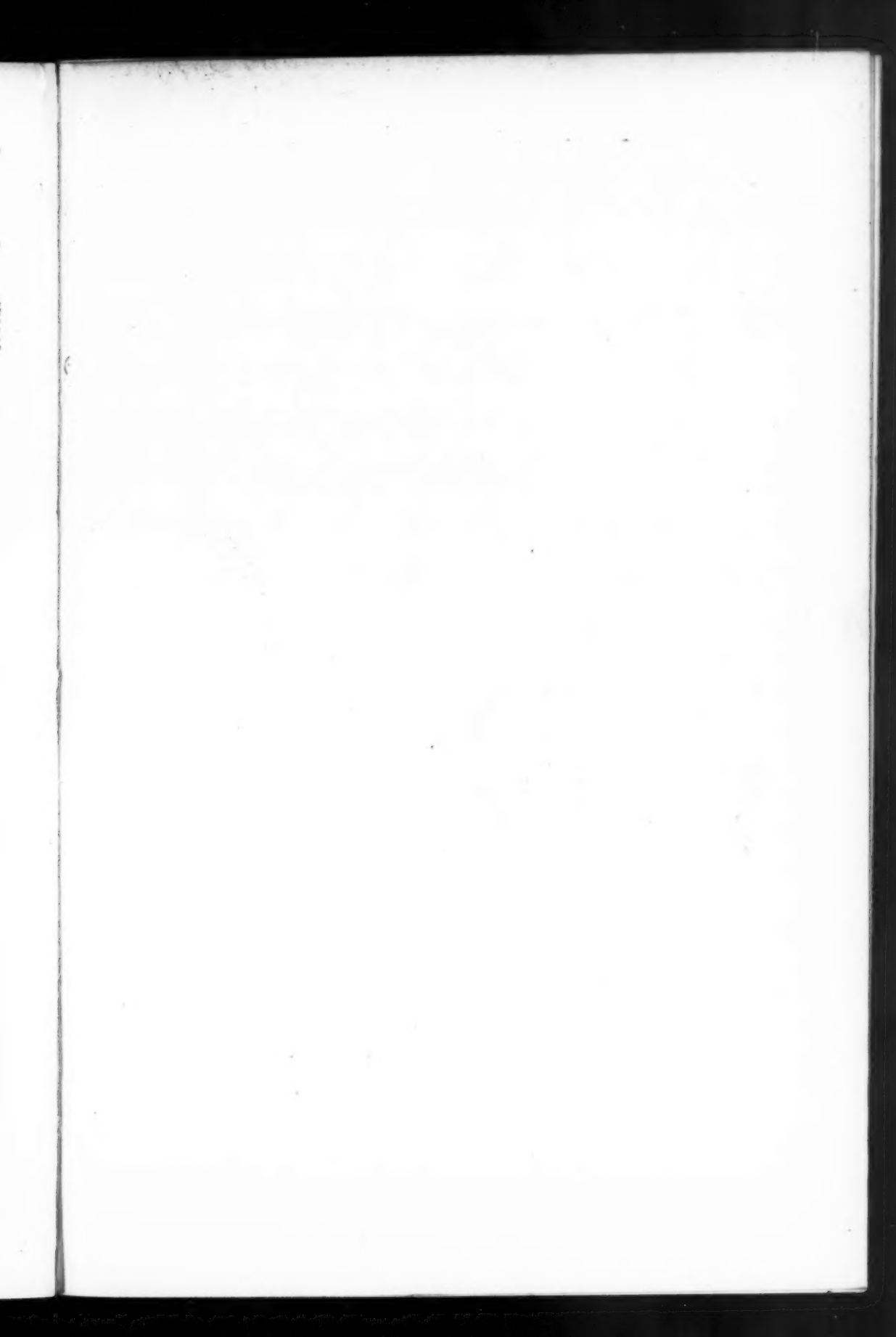


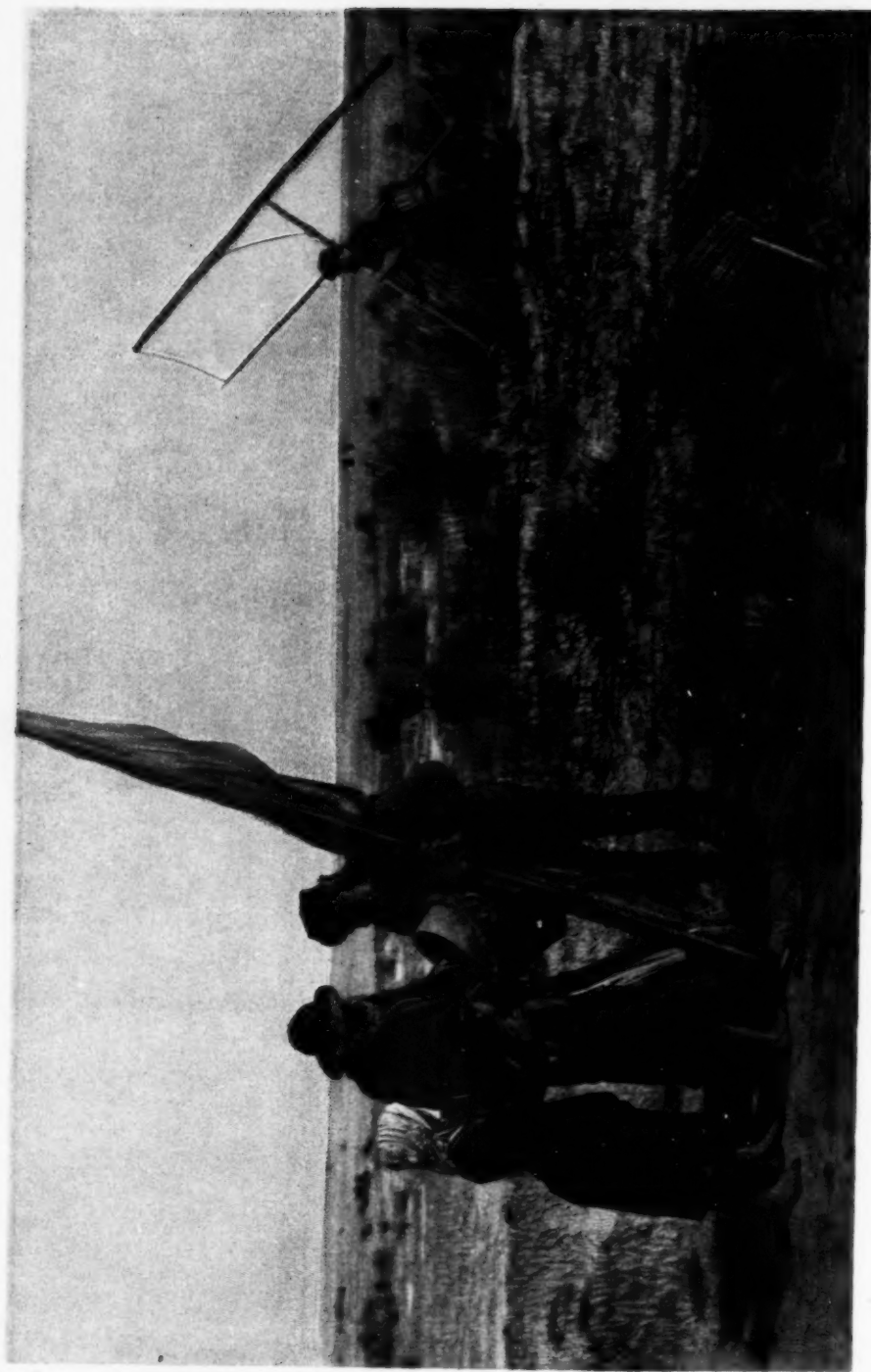
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A STRANGE FISH.

The Queen of Connemara

BY FLORENCE MOON

I

THE mountains of Connemara stretched bare and desolate beneath the November sky. Peak after peak reared its lofty head majestically to the threatening clouds above. The wild westerly wind rushed fiercely along the heather-clad slopes, or swept in fury through the green valleys. The turf was soft and springy, but here and there the ground was moist and boggy from recent rains, and little mountain torrents danced merrily on their way, trickling slowly, or tumbling gleefully, along their rocky bed, gathering volume as they went, till they fell with a mighty leap and roar into the lake below. A few sheep and goats grazed on the short, scanty herbage; overhead the curlew made its shrill, weird cry, and sometimes a flight of wild geese filled the air with their noisy chorus. Far below, its dark waters lashed into fury by the all-powerful wind, lay the lake, deep and gloomy; and overhead the sullen, threatening clouds that hung, ragged and dark, above it.

Down the bleak mountain side, with his broad-leaved *caubeen* (peasant's hat) pulled well over his face, tramped a tall young countryman, clad in a stout frieze coat; the blustering wind seemed in no way to annoy him—born and bred among those wild mountains, he was accustomed to face every mood of fickle Dame Nature. His was an honest face, with broad, square brow, eyes of speedwell-blue that looked steadfast and fearless, and a mouth and chin expressive both of strength and sweetness.

Dermot O'Malley was the only son of Patrick and Honor O'Malley, who dwelt in a little white-washed farmhouse near the foot of the mountain. His father tilled a few acres of land—poor stony ground, out of which he contrived to keep his family and to save a little besides.

The Irish peasant is held up as an example of laziness by other nations, yet to any traveller in the western districts these cultivated spots of land are marvels of perseverance and industry, for ground which others would despise is the only sort they have, to make the most of or to starve.

The little patch surrounding the farmhouse was, in its proper season, gay with oats and barley, while potatoes and cabbage, the staple food of the peasant, flourished in plenty. With such a desirable home, such a "likeable" face, and steady, upright character, it was no wonder that Dermot O'Malley was the object of much admiration among the people of the mountains, and several scheming parents had offered their daughters and their "fortunes" to him through the medium of his father, according to the custom of the country. But Dermot resisted all their overtures; his heart, and all the honest true love that filled it to overflowing, was given to Eily Joyce, the carrier's daughter; for her he would have laid down his strong young life. He was thinking of her as he faced the storm and plodded on his way. He remembered the time when as boy and girl they had crossed the hillside together day by day to the little schoolhouse two miles away; he thought of her as she was then, a gay, sprightly little elf, with dark, curling locks blown about her rosy face, black eyes full of life and mischief, and dancing, bare feet that had led him many a weary mile out of the way on some wild freak or folly; he thought of the days when darkness had overtaken them, and she, fearing to pass the "fort" where the fairies dwelt, would creep timidly to him, and silently lay her little brown hand in his, seeking protection from the wiles of the "good people." He remembered the time when, on some mischief bent, she had fallen into a bog, and was well-nigh swallowed up in its oozy depth; when he had rescued her, and she, to save herself, clung with her two bare arms around his neck—the clinging touch of those soft arms he had never forgotten; now and again he fancied he could feel them, and his heart beat madly, even though years had passed since then, and Eily had forgotten the incident.

His bright blue eyes looked sad as he went along; Dermot had cause for sorrow. Until four months ago he had felt sure of his treasure, for, though Eily was coy, with the demure pertness of a village beauty, and declared, with a toss of the head, that

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Dermot was "too awkward and unlikely a 'bhoy' entirely," yet he felt that in the end his quiet persistent wooing would gain the day, and a merry wedding in the little chapel would be its sequel. Lately, however, he had occasion to fear otherwise.

During the summer the little hotel, built on the shore of the lake, was filled with strangers, who came at certain seasons of the year to capture the trout and salmon that teemed in its waters, or to take away reminiscences of their visit in sketch-book or on canvas.

It was Eily's duty to take a daily supply of fresh eggs from her own hens to the proprietor of the hotel, and every morning she presented herself at the door, a bewitching little figure, her basket slung on her arm. She wore the ordinary peasant dress—a short red petticoat made of soft, thick flannel which she had spun and dyed herself, a bright blue overskirt turned up and fastened behind her waist, a bodice of blue, over which she tied the whitest of handkerchiefs in a knot at her breast; her raven locks were unadorned by headgear of any description, and crowned a face that any woman might envy.

Coyly she glanced from beneath her black silky lashes at the little group of men who, cigar in hand, loitered about the hotel steps, chatting on the chances of sport or the prospects of the weather. Beauty like hers could not fail to attract the attention of the artists present, and as day after day went by, flattering remarks and undisguised admiration did not fail to strike home; attentions from the "gentry" were grateful to one who was a born coquette, and Eily's visits were gradually prolonged. Then one of the artists sought to paint her; he was a young fellow, rising in his profession, and in quest of a subject for his next Academy picture. In Eily he found what he sought, and there, among her own wild mountains, he painted her.

Day after day, week after week, Eily stole from her father's little cabin to meet the stranger, a downward glance in her dark eyes, a blush on her cheek. The handsome face of the artist, his languid manner, his admiration of her beauty, his talk about the great world that lay beyond those mountains, fascinated and bewildered poor simple Eily, who told him in her trusting innocence all the thoughts of her young heart.

So the summer passed by, till at last the

picture was completed, and Eily heard, with white face and tearful eye, that the painter was going away. With many a warm embrace and promise of a speedy return he left her on the lonely hillside, and went back to his hotel, idly smoking as he went, and noting, with artistic perception, the effect of the setting sun on the water.

Eily flung herself on the soft green grass and sobbed bitterly, her dark eyes brimming with tears, her face pale and drawn. It was thus Dermot found her on his way home, and, not knowing the cause of her distress, sought to comfort her; but Eily shook off the hands that strove to take hers as though they had stung her, and treated him so angrily and scornfully that at length he walked slowly away, wondering.

Time had passed, and the little world among the mountains went on its quiet way, but the summer had left its impress on Eily's heart. No more was her laugh the merriest, or her foot the fleetest; she joined neither wake nor dance, but her eye wore a far-away, thoughtful look, and her manner was cold and somewhat scornful; she looked with contempt on her old comrades, and began to pine for a peep at the great world, where she would see *him*, and he would welcome her, his beautiful "Queen of Connemara," as he had called her.

As though her unspoken words were heard, an opportunity to gratify her wishes soon occurred. Her mother's sister, who had married young and gone with her husband to England, returned to visit her old home; she was a middle-aged, hard-faced woman, with a shrewd eye and cruel heart; she had worked hard, and made a little money by keeping a lodging-house in the east of London.

London! Eily's heart leapt as she heard the word. Was not that the great city *he* had spoken of, where she would be worshipped for her lovely face, and where great lords and ladies would bow down before her beauty? Shyly, but with determination, she expressed her desire to go there with her aunt. Well-pleased, Mrs. Murphy consented to take her, inwardly gloating over her good luck, for she saw that Eily was neat and handy, and had the "makings" of a good servant. It would enable her to save the wages of her present drudge, and a girl who had no

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DERMOT FOUND HER ON HIS WAY HOME

friends near to "mither" her could be made to perform wonders in the way of work. So a day was fixed for their departure, and Eily's eyes regained their old sparkle, her spirits their wonted elasticity.

Without a regret or fear she was leaving the little cabin in which she was born, her whole heart full of rapture that she was going to see *him*, and of the joy he would

experience at the sight of her. Small wonder, then, was it that Dermot sighed as he walked homeward that bleak November day, for his heart was well-nigh broken at the thought of parting from the girl he loved.

As he rounded the shoulder of the mountain the clouds parted, and a shaft of bright sunlight lit up his path. Dermot

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looked eagerly before him. There was Eily standing outside the cabin door, bare-footed, bare-headed. Cocks and hens strutted in and out of the thatched cottage, a pig was sniffing at a heap of cabbage-leaves that lay on the ground, and a black, three-legged pot, the chief culinary utensil in a peasant's cot, stood just outside the doorway. Eily was busy knitting, and pretended not to see the tall form of her lover until he drew near, then she looked up suddenly and smiled.

"Good-day, Dermot!"

"Good-day, Eily," he answered, and then stood awkwardly silent, gazing at the pretty face before him. Eily went on knitting.

"Is it knitting y'are, Eily? Shure it's the lucky fellow he'll be that'll wear the socks those fairy hands have made!"

"Is it flattherin' me y'are, Dermot? because if so ye may go away! Shure, 'tis all the blarney the bhoys does be givin' me is dhrivin' me away from me home. Maybe ye'll get sinse whin I lave ye all, as I will to-morrow!"

"Oh, Eily, jewil, don't say that! don't!" he pleaded, his blue eyes looking earnestly into hers. "Whin ye go, you will take all the sunshine out of me poor heart; it's to Ameriky I will go, for nothin' will be the same to me without you, mavourneen!"

"Arrah, Dermot, you'll forget me before I am gone one week, and you'll be coortin' Mary O'Donoghue the next—and a fine, likely girl is that same," she added as an afterthought.

"Sorra a colleen but yourself will I coort, and sorra a wife will I ever want save you, asthore. Eily, Eily, will ye stay?"

But Eily was firm.

"Faith, thin, I will not, Dermot! I'm weary of my life here; I want to see London and the world. Shure, I'll come back some day with gold of me own, a rale lady, for all the world like the gentry at the castle below."

Dermot sighed deeply.

"Maybe—maybe! The bhoys in London will all be crazy for yez, but not one will ever love ye as I do, asthore."

Eily laughed merrily; the idea was too ridiculous.

"Arrah, Dermot, it's ravin' y'are!" she exclaimed. "How will I ever grow tired of being a grand lady? Shure 'tis yourself I'm weary of! I'm going to make my fortune over in England, and 'tis not the

likes of yez I'll be afther marryin'!" The dark eyes flashed scornfully, and the needles flew swiftly in and out of the knitting; the same ground had been gone over so often, and she was vexed at his persistence.

"Thin good-bye, Eily asthore!" he cried, his deep voice husky with emotion, "but if ever yez are throubled or grow weary of your grand folks just write a word to Dermot, and it's himself will come to yez. There, Eily, I'll bother ye no longer. God bless you, God keep you safe, mavourneen!"

He took her two hands for a moment and wrung them in his, then, with a look of dumb agony in his blue eyes, turned his back upon her and continued his way down the mountain side.

Eily was vexed; the incident had not terminated as she had hoped. She was a coquette, and admiration was dear to her soul. It was true she did not love Dermot, that she half despised him for showing his love so plainly; still, he was the handsomest "bhoy" in the country, and had it not been for the stranger—well, no one knew, he might have won her for his own; but now he had said his last "good-bye"; she would see him no more. What a gossiping there would be among the neighbours when Dermot was found absent from the merry party that was to assemble that night at her father's house for dancing and singing, that she might have a joyful send-off in the early hours of the morning! They would say he had let her go without a word, and Mary O'Donoghue and Kate Flynn would be wild with triumph; it was with a puckered brow and pouting lips that Eily entered her cabin door.

* * * * *

The parting he had dreaded was over—his dream was broken! Pain and sorrow numbed every other feeling, and he dragged himself wearily along; all the lightness had left his footsteps, all the joy his heart. He entered his little thatched home listlessly, only to feel a keener pain; it was there he had sat, night after night, when the old folks were in bed, picturing his Eily singing and flitting about the place, knitting or sewing, or kneading the soda-bread with her little hands. What a paradise he had imagined! Now the hearth was cold in spite of the glow from the fragrant peat; the place looked lonely, even the long rows of cups, saucers,

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EILY STOOD A FORLORN, DESOLATE FIGURE ON EUSTON PLATFORM

and jugs, which stood in neat rows upon the dresser, bore an unfamiliar air; the place would be desolate evermore for him.

At the back of the house his mother was calling her fowls to their evening meal; she would be coming in presently to brew

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the tea, but Dermot could not meet her in that mood. He stole quietly away, and then night came on.

Amid the darkness and solitude of the mountains he wandered, heedless of the bitter cold or the blustering wind, and Eily, as she danced fleetly with the boys and girls who had gathered to bid her "God-speed," little guessed that out among the furze and heather, all alone in the cold, cold dark, a man was watching every movement of her blithe young form with two hungry eyes that were burning with love and devotion; and as the cabin door closed after the last of the neighbours had left among laughter and good wishes, she did not guess that for her sake Dermot had flung himself on the dark earth, and that deep choking sobs shook his stalwart frame, while he prayed that the good God and the blessed angels above would guard his Eily, his jewel, wherever she might be.

II

LONDON! was this indeed London, the goal of all her hopes, the place where he lived, and moved, and had his being?

Eily stood, a forlorn, desolate figure, among the crowds that jostled each other carelessly on Euston platform. The pretty face that peeped from the folds of a thick woollen shawl looked tired after the long journey, and her feet—oh, how they ached! for they were unaccustomed to the pressure of the heavy clumsy boots in which they were now encased.

It was early morning; a thickish fog prevailed. Eily, familiar only with the pure white mist which she had watched many times unroll itself before the rising sun among her own mountains, wondered what it was that choked her breathing and caused her eyes to water so painfully. What a crowd of people, and how "quare" the talk sounded! How grandly they were all dressed! not one with a red petticoat like the new one she had been so proud of only yesterday morning; she glanced at it now with contempt, deciding to discard it before she had been another day in London. There was a girl sitting on her box not far from Eily; she was evidently waiting for some one to fetch her. Eily eyed her garments with envy; they were of dazzling crimson, plentifully besprinkled with jet; she wore a large hat trimmed

with roses; a "diamond" brooch fastened her neck-ribbon, and a "golden" chain fell from neck to waist; but what Eily liked best of all was the thick, black fringe that covered her forehead; such "style" the simple peasant had never before beheld; if only her aunt would be generous she would buy just such a dress as that, but, whether or not, the fringe could be had for nothing, and he should see that she could be as genteel as any one else, he need never be ashamed of her.

Her plans and projects were alike cut short by her aunt, who, hot and excited after a wordy war with porters and cabmen, ran breathlessly along the platform.

"Make haste, Eily! how long are you goin' to stand there staring like a sick owl? Hurry up, child; the cabman will be for charging me overtime if you're so slow, and it's bad enough to have to pay ordinary fare all that way."

Eily took up the little tin box that held all her worldly possessions, and followed her aunt to the cab like one in some horrible dream. The fog, the crowds, the noises, the strangeness of everything! With a chill at her warm young heart she took her seat in the cab, and was driven swiftly through the streets. The fog was lifting slightly; she could see the houses and buildings stretching as far as eyes could follow them; houses everywhere, people everywhere; men, women, and children hurrying along the pavements; cabs and carts rolling unceasingly.

"Is there a fair to-day?" she asked her aunt, who was sitting opposite with closed eyes.

"Fair? Simpleton! it's this way every day, only worse, because this is early morning, and there's only a few about yet;" and Mrs. Murphy's eyes closed again.

Eily's were wide open. What houses! oh, the height of them! Long ago she had been taken by her parents to a market in Galway, and had gazed with awe at the tall houses overlooking the square; she had thought of them often since with respect, but these—! ah, surely London was all the painter had pictured it! She scanned the hurrying foot-passengers eagerly; they were mostly men and women hastening to their daily work, but many wore tall hats, and to Eily a tall hat was the very pinnacle of gentility; he had told her, partly in fun, in answer to her childish

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questions, that *he* wore one in London; but her heart sank again; there were so many to be seen! how would she ever find him? Oh, if London were not *quite* so big! would the houses never end?

The cab rattled along, the streets became narrow and unsavoury, but Eily knew no difference; it was all grand to her unsophisticated eyes; the little shops, with lights that flared dismally in their untidy windows, caused her much excitement and speculation. At last the cab drew up, and her aunt awoke from her nap in a bad temper.

"Get my things together, quick, and don't dawdle; we're at home now, and you will have to set about your work!"

Eily gathered together bags and boxes and set them down upon the pavement, while her aunt haggled with the driver in a spirited manner; the man went off, grumbling at the meanness of a "couple o' Hirishers," but Eily, not understanding the English manner of using the aspirate, was blissfully unconscious of his meaning.

The house door opened, and an elderly man, looking cowed and humble, shuffled out to meet them.

"We've come at last!" cried out her aunt in a loud voice; "it's the last time I'll take the trouble to visit my folks! What the better am I for all the money I've spent on the trip? Better, indeed! A good deal worse *I* should say! Take in the box, William! what are you stopping for?" she demanded angrily.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my dear! I'll take the box in at once, certainly!" The old man hurried to do his wife's bidding, and entered the squalid house. Eily followed with her parcels, and stood in doubt as to what her next proceedings should be, while her aunt bustled away somewhere, on food intent.

The old man, having obediently deposited the box in the region of up-stairs, shuffled down again, and approached Eily gently. "Are you her niece, my poor girl?" he whispered, with a backward glance in the direction of his departed spouse.

"I am, sorr," answered Eily; "I am come to help me aunt wid the claning and the lodgers."

"Poor child! poor child! I was afraid so," he murmured, shaking his head dolefully; "but, look here, don't notice her tempers and her tantrums, her carries on fearful sometimes, but least said soonest

mended, and if you want to please her keep a still tongue in your head; I've learnt to do it, and it pays best. If ever you want a friend your uncle William will stand by you; now, not a word, not a word!" and he shuffled noiselessly away as loud footsteps drew near, and Mrs. Murphy appeared on the scene.

"Now then, girl, come down-stairs and set to work; the fire's black out, and not a drop o' water to be had! It's like him; he's got a brain like a sieve"—pointing to her husband, "and here am I nigh dying of thirst."

"Drat that bell!" she exclaimed, as a loud peal from up-stairs sounded in the passage. "Run up-stairs, Eily, third floor back, and tell Gregson he'll have to wait for his hot water! Why that man don't grow a beard is what I can't understand; all the running about that chin of his gives me! it's more than a Christian can stand! Bless me if that ain't Smith a-shouting for a towel! it's enough to mither a saint; and there's that youngster of Brown's bawling at the top of his lungs, and me just home from a journey, and not a bite nor sup ready! William, William! where are you? no wonder you're ashamed to look me in the face! William!"

Silence was at last restored; William lit the fire, boiled the kettle, and frizzled the bacon, his wife sitting by criticising the work of his hands, and warming her elastic-sided boots at the fire. She ate her breakfast in silence, and then remembered Eily, who was sitting on the stairs, hungry, forlorn, and desolate, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Come, girl, get your tea!" she called, as she replenished the pot from the kettle; "here's bread for you, better than that rubbishy stuff your mother makes; such bread as that I never see, it's that heavy it lies on your chest like a mill-stone."

Eily took the slice of bread offered her and gnawed it hungrily; she had tasted nothing since the previous evening, as her aunt objected to waste money on "them swindling refreshment rooms," and the stock of bread and cakes her mother had given her was soon exhausted.

"Now, girl, if you start crying you'll find you make a great mistake. I brought you here to work, and work you must! Fie, for shame! an ignorant country girl like you should be thankful for such a start in life as you are getting."

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"I'm not ignorant," Eily answered with spirit, "and it's yourself that knows it!"

"Then get up and wash that there delf—don't give me any imperence, or you'll find yourself in the street; there's others better than you I've turned away, and the work'us has been their end—so mind your business, and do what you're told!" With this parting injunction Mrs. Murphy left the kitchen.

The winter passed—cold, foggy, murky, miserable winter. Eily was transformed. No longer bright, sparkling, and gay, but pale, listless, and weary—the veriest drudge that ever lived under an iron rule. A thick black fringe adorned her forehead, her ears were bedecked with gaudy rings, and her waist squeezed into half its ordinary size; her clothes, bought cheaply at a second-hand shop, were tawdry and ill-fitting, yet they were her only pleasure; she watched herself gradually developing into a "fine lady" with a satisfaction and excitement that alone kept her from giving way altogether. Her heart was still aching for a sight of her lover, and many a time when her aunt was out she neglected tasks that she might sit at the parlour window and watch with feverish expectancy for the owner of the fair moustache and languid manner that had so completely taken her fancy; but he never came, and she rose from her vigils with a sore heart.

Two friends she had; two who never spoke roughly, nor upbraided her. "Uncle William," himself cowed and subdued, stood first. Sometimes, when the lady of the house became unbearable, and poor Eily's head ached with all the tears she shed, he would take her in the cool of the evening away to a large green park, where the wind blew fresh, the dew sparkled on the grass, and the noisy traffic of the streets was still; there she would rest her weary body, while the old man soothed her gently and stroked her poor hands, all chapped and red with hard work. There one day she sobbed out all her trouble, and he promised to help her find her friend—promised because it broke his kind heart to see this poor little foreigner so forlorn, because he was unhappy himself, and Eily turned to him in her trouble; therefore he would not fail her.

Eily's other friend was a lady who occupied a single top room in her aunt's tall house. She was a gentle, white-haired woman, with faded blue eyes and a sweet smile. She had won Eily's heart from the

first by the soft, kindly tones of her voice, and the consideration she showed for the severely-tried feet of the little Irish maid. Mrs. Grey taught drawing and painting; her pupils were few, her terms low; it was a difficult matter to make both ends meet, but she managed it by careful contriving, and sometimes had enough to treat her waiting-maid to a morsel of something savoury cooked on her own little stove.

* * * * *

It was May. Eily was standing at the window while Mrs. Murphy went forth on a bargain-hunting expedition. The sun was shining brightly into the shabby parlour, illumining every dirty corner, and showing up each greasy mark on the gaudy wall-paper; the air was hot and sultry, and odours of the street were wafted in through the open window. A hurrying throng passed by—men, women, children. At the entry doors small groups of women were gossiping, their hair screwed tightly in curl-papers, their arms bare to the elbow, their children, dirty and pallid, clinging to their skirts. Up and down, in loud strident tones, costers were shouting their wares.

Eily, with eyes half eager, half sad, was looking at the face of every hurrying man who passed. London—how she hated it! how she loathed her daily work! how she abominated the sight of her aunt's hard face! it was nothing but toil, toil, toil! As she sat at the window thus musing the street cries faded away, the sights and sounds of sordid London life ceased, and Eily was standing once more in her Connemara home. A flush of life and health possessed her, and happiness such as she had never felt before filled her soul. She breathed the sweet air freely, the soft breeze stirred the raven locks that fell around her forehead; once more she wore her peasant clothes, and felt the cool, soft turf beneath her naked feet. The mother was there too; the two little children were playing, while the pigs wandered about unhindered, and the cattle grazed peacefully in the field. Again she smelt the wholesome peat smoke, and saw the iron pot hanging over the glowing hearth; and suddenly Dermot came, with blue eyes full of love, and hands extended; she felt the crimson blushes on her cheeks as she ran to welcome him; he stooped to kiss her; a wild joy was at her heart, and— Eily awoke with a shudder and looked around her—the vision had gone.

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"Eily, come up-stairs, child; I have something to show you." Mrs. Grey was in the room, looking flushed and excited; she was flourishing a book in her hand. Eily's heart beat rapidly as she ascended the steep staircase in the wake of her friend. Was it possible she could have news of him? Then she shook her head, for Mrs. Grey was not in her secret.

They entered the neat little room at the top of the stairs; a canary in a cage greeted his mistress's entrance with a burst of melody, and a bunch of wallflowers gave forth a fragrant perfume; but for once Mrs. Grey heeded neither song nor scent, but, walking to the table, never pausing to unfasten her bonnet-strings or to unbutton her gloves, opened the book and laid it on the table, exclaiming in triumph, "There you are to the life, Eily! See! it is the picture of the year, and is called 'The Queen of Connemara.'"

A girl with eyes half-defiant, half-coquettish, lips demure and smiling, hair tied loosely in a knot at the back of her proudly-set head, was leaning against the white-washed wall of a thatched cabin—ah! it was Dermot's own! Eily noted the geraniums in the little blue box that he had tended himself.

Eily's heart leapt, and then was still; there were her two bare feet peeping from beneath her thick red petticoat, just as they used in the olden times, and there was the blue-checked apron she had long ago discarded. With face

now white, now red, she gazed at the picture, then spelt out its title, "The Queen of Connemara," painted by Leslie Hamilton.

"Arrah, 'tis Misther Hamilton himself! 'twas he painted me!" she cried breathlessly, and sank into a chair completely overcome.

"Then, Eily, you are a lucky girl! Every one in London is talking about 'The Queen of Connemara,' and this Hamilton has made his name and fortune by your picture. Well, well! no wonder you are surprised! Here is the artist's portrait; do you remember him?" She turned over a few leaves of the book and pushed it towards Eily.

Did Eily remember him? Ay, indeed! There were the clear blue eyes, the straight



WITH A GREAT SOB HER HEAD FELL FORWARD ON THE TABLE

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nose, the drooping moustache. Eily snatched up the book eagerly, "Misther Hamilton! at last! at last!" With a great sob her head fell forward on the table, and Mrs. Grey guessed the young girl's secret.

III

LESLIE HAMILTON, R.A., was entertaining. In the middle of a smart crowd of Society people he stood, the lion of the season. "The Queen of Connemara" had made him name and fame. He was smiling on all, as well he might, for his name was in every one's mouth. For once critics, fellow-artists, and the great British public were agreed; his picture, with its background of breezy mountain and peasant home, its maiden, so dainty in spite of the abundant health and spirits glowing in her rosy face and sparkling eyes, so coy of mien and withal so queenly, had fascinated all, and the artist was happy.

The studio was a lofty apartment, well-lit, yet softly shaded. Velvet hangings and richest draperies adorned walls and windows; costly rugs and skins lay scattered upon the polished floor; rare old specimens of Egyptian bronzes filled every available niche; flowers were placed about on table and pedestal, and their perfume filled the air.

Standing about the studio, chattering gaily, or lounging idly, the guests of Leslie Hamilton were admiring everything while they sipped tea out of delicate Sèvres cups. The artist himself was busy, yet his attention was chiefly directed to a beautiful young girl who sat on a velvet lounge, a tiny lap-dog on her knee. She was tall and dignified in mien, with soft grey eyes and bronze-gold hair, among which the sunlight was playing as it stole through a window behind her. She was the beauty of the season, and her father's sole heiress. Cold and distant with others, she was affable and even kind to Leslie Hamilton, and among her friends it was whispered such treatment could only end in one way; and though better things had been spoken of for Bee Vandaleur, the wife of an R.A. was by no means a position to be despised, and if Bee's fancy lay that way, why—! a shrug of its white shoulders, an elevation of its pencilled eyebrows, and Society went on its way.

Leslie Hamilton had taken up his position

near the door that he might easily acknowledge each new arrival. He was leaning over the fair Bee Vandaleur, watching the animation in her beautiful face, the grace with which she wore her large picture-hat, and the regal manner in which she sat. He glanced at the gay throng that filled his rooms, growing gayer still as the tinkle of tiny silver spoons increased in number and volume; there was not one to compare with Bee, *his* Bee as he dared, in his own mind, to call her already. Gentle, dignified, graceful, always sweet and gracious to him, and with an ample fortune of her own, it was no wonder the artist felt that she was worth the winning. His blue eyes were bent upon her with a tenderness that was almost genuine, a tenderness that caused the long lashes to sweep over her eyes many times while they conversed, and the warm blushes to mantle her softly-rounded cheeks.

"How I should enjoy a peep at your model!" she was saying as she looked at a rough sketch he was showing her. "Was she as beautiful as you have made her?"

"She was tolerably——" Hamilton hesitated. "Well, of course an artist's business is to make the most of good points, and omit the bad. She was a little rough and troublesome sometimes, but, on the whole, not a bad sitter."

"And her name?" asked Miss Vandaleur.

"Her name? oh, Mary, or Biddy, or Eily Joyce; really I cannot be sure; every one in that part of the world is either Eily or Biddy, and Joyce is the surname of half the population. She was a vain girl, I assure you; no beauty in her first season thought more of herself than did she."

"I do not wonder at that," said Bee gently; "there are few women who possess beauty to such a marvellous degree. If only your Biddy could come to London she would be worshipped by all who were not utterly envious."

Just what he had assured Eily himself nine months back, but it is inconvenient to remember everything one has said so long ago; we live at a pace now, and nine months is quite an epoch in our existence—so many things change in nine months!

Hamilton smiled; it was rare to hear one beauty acknowledge another. He bent his head to make some remark that her ear alone might catch, but as he did so a slight stir at the door attracted his attention, and he looked up.

The sight that met his gaze froze the

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smile on his lips; with a start which he could scarcely conceal the blood left his cheeks; his face became stern and white as death.

There stood Eily herself, behind her the page who did duty at the door. The boy was pulling angrily at her sleeve, and an altercation was going on.

"Shure 'tis himself will be glad to see me, ye spalpeen! Shame on yez to insult a poor girl. Musha, is it Misther Hamilton within and ashamed to spake to his Eily!"

One more moment, then within that room in which art, and beauty, and refinement were gathered in one harmonious whole, a figure stole shyly.

It was a young girl, gaudily attired in a blue dress; a hat, encircled by a long pink feather, crowned a face that was beautiful, were it not that it was marred by its many adornments. Gilt earrings glistened in the ears, a dark curly fringe covered forehead and eyebrows, and the chin was embedded in a tawdry feather boa of a muddy hue. An excited flush lay on her cheeks as she looked at the gay crowd within, searching for the loved face. At last a joyful recognition shone in her dark eyes, and forgetful of everything and everybody, she rushed across the polished floor to the horror-stricken artist.

"Ah, Misther Hamilton, acushla! shure it's your own Eily has found yez at last!" She caught the artist's hand in her own impulsively—"Arrah, but it's the wide world I have searched, and I've found yez at last!"

Silence had fallen on that part of the room where this little *contretemps* was taking place. Hamilton saw the looks of wonderment on his guests' faces change into an amused smile as the little comedy progressed.

The girl was looking earnestly at him.

"Shure, you do not forget your own Eily—the girl you made into the piethur, your colleen oge! But maybe it's the jiwils and the clothes that has changed me; it's mighty grand they make me, to be sure, but it was so you should not be ashamed of me I put them on. Arrah, shpake to me, and let me hear the sound of your voice!"

She looked pleadingly into his eyes, but he was speechless. At last by a mighty effort he turned with a sickly smile to some of his guests—

"Here is the original of 'The Queen of Connemara'—scarcely recognisable in her

new clothes, is she? Why, Eily, my child," with a paternal air, "whatever brought you here to London?"

It was an unwise question; the answer was plain enough.

"Faith, thin, 'twas yourself, Misther Hamilton! You promised to come back to me, and said you would make me the finest lady in the land; and I waited, but faix, I got sick and sore, so I came to find yez, and it's well-nigh at death's door I was till I heard of yez and found where ye live—and musha, but it's a grand place, God bless it!"

Eily was looking around her now at the beautiful room, the lovely women, their smart attire, and shyness seized her; she hung her head in dismay; every one in the room was pressing forward to see the girl whom Hamilton had immortalised, and comments on her appearance passed from lip to lip.

"Stand there, Eily," said Hamilton kindly, placing her on a low stool that stood near. The game should be played out now.

The crowd pressed around eagerly, delighted and curious.

"What a pleasant surprise you have prepared for us, dear Mr. Hamilton! quite unprepared, I assure you! but ah, how you artists idealise to be sure! who but genius itself could find anything picturesque under so much glitter and vulgarity?" and so on and so on, until Eily's blushing face grew paler and paler.

"Now, Eily, you may go; the ladies and gentlemen have looked at you long enough. Here is something to buy a new gown and bonnet," and Leslie Hamilton, with a patronising smile, put some gold into her hand.

"How kind and considerate!" murmured the high-born dames as they turned away.

He escorted the girl to the door, and drew aside the *portière* courteously, but his face became livid with rage as he spoke in a low, stern voice, "Go, girl! never dare to come here again—if you do, I swear I will call the police!" He closed the door after her retreating figure, and turned with a smile to the company; his eyes sought those of beautiful Bee Vandaleur, but she had gone.

Outside in the busy street Eily stood, leaning for support against a stone pillar. She heard nothing, saw nothing. A mist swam before her eyes; she was dumb with shame and disappointment; her face, a

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moment before so eager, was pale as death, and deep sobs that came from her very soul shook her poor body. She clenched the gold in her hands, and then with a bitter, passionate cry threw it into the street, and watched while two street-urchins picked it up and ran off with their treasure-trove.

"May I help you, my poor girl? Are you in trouble?" Bee Vandaleur spoke gently and softly; she had heard all that passed between the artist and his model.

Eily looked up.

"Oh, me lady, God bless ye! but I'm past the helping now! I loved him, I would have died to save him from a minute's sorrow, and he threatened the police on me!"

"Come with me; I will take care of you, and you shall tell me all." Miss Vandaleur hailed a passing hansom and jumped in, followed by Eily, white, shivering, and limp. "Now tell me all," she said, as they were driven at a rapid pace through the streets. Eily, won by her gentleness, told her the pitiful story of her love; told her of her simple mountain home, of the handsome stranger who had promised to return and carry her to a land where she would be fairest of the fair; told it with dry eyes and white set lips, while her heart was breaking and her temples beat, beat, beat, like sledge-hammers beneath the weight of the fringe with which she had thought to please him.

Miss Vandaleur heard all, and made no sign, save that her lips tightened now and then, and an expression of pain stole into her soft grey eyes.

It was a pathetic story, and the rich girl was touched as she listened to the poor simple one at her side. "Where do you live, Eily?" she asked, as the girl stopped speaking, and lay back with closed eyes.

"At me aunt's, your honour, but I won't go back! shure, I cannot! Oh, me lady, let me go; it's not for the likes of me to be keeping your ladyship away from her grand friends. God's blessing upon ye for your kindness to a poor girl!"

Bee was silent, wondering what she could do with the unhappy creature beside her; presently a bright thought struck her.

"I am looking out for a girl who will attend on me, Eily; do you think you would like the place if you are taught?"

"Arrah, me lady, me lady! it's an angel from heaven ye are!" cried Eily gratefully, but her head sank back again, till the gaudy pink feather in her hat was spoilt for ever.

That night Eily was taken to hospital. Brain fever set in, and doctors and nurses feared the worst.

* * * * *
Bee Vandaleur sat in her boudoir thinking. Her pretty brow was puckered as she gazed at the photograph of a young man, tall, fair, and handsome. For some time she cogitated, then, setting her lips together, she tore the card straight across, dropped it into the waste-paper basket beside her, and shrugged her pretty shoulders, exclaiming in a tone more forcible than polite, "Beast!"

* * * * *
Leslie Hamilton stood outside the door of Mr. Vandaleur's handsome town residence. The footman, gorgeously attired, opened the heavy door.

"Not at 'ome, sir," he answered pompously in answer to inquiries.

"My good man, you have made some mistake; I am Leslie Hamilton, and I wish to see Miss Vandaleur."

"Very sorry, sir, no mistake, sir; Miss Vandaleur is not at 'ome!" and the door closed in the face of the astonished artist.

IV

IT was June in Connemara. Where else is the month of roses half as lovely? where does the sky show bluer, or the grass greener? and where is the air so clear and cool and fragrant, or the lakes half as still and azure as in that blessed country?

The sun rode high in the sky, monarch of all, and men smiled as they went about their daily toil, and thanked the good God who was sending them favourable weather. Here and there, dotted about the hillsides, the tiny white-washed cabins were full of life; the cocks crowed proudly as they strutted in and out among their plump, sleek wives; the useful ass brayed loudly, roaming about field and lane in enjoyment of a leisure hour; the men were in the fields, cutting the sweet-scented grass, and the women busied themselves about the mid-day meal, while babies, with dirty faces and naked feet, tumbled about among the wandering pigs and quacking ducks in blissful content.

Along the white road that bordered the lake a cart was jolting slowly along; it was painted in a startling shade of blue, with shafts of brightest red that projected both



SHE RUSHED ACROSS THE POLISHED FLOOR TO THE HORROR-STRICKEN ARTIST

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back and front; upon it was arranged, with neatness and precision, a load of turf just cut from the bog; on one side, painted black, that all who run might read, was the name of "Patrick O'Malley" in crude lettering, and Patrick himself, in working dress of coarse cream homespun, walked beside his slow-going jennet, idly smoking his tin-topped pipe. From time to time he drew from his trouser pocket a letter, which he fingered with respect, gazing at it with profoundest wonder.

"Shure, 'tis the grandest and the natest letther ever seen, and the ilegant picthur on the back! Musha, musha, 'tis not the likes o' that comes to Biddy Joyce ivery day, no, nor to no one else neither in these parts! It minds me of a letther her ladyship at the castle aksed me to take to the posht, and her in a hurry; begob, but the paper's thick and good entoiirely!" and he rubbed it softly between his finger and thumb. "Shure 'tis from London itself, and maybe the one as wrote it is some friend o' Eily's. Ah, but it's she is the foolish one that she did not take the boy! it's long ere she'll find another such a match again, and him with cattle and sheep and pigs o' his own, a house that many a girl would be wild for to get, and maybe—maybe—a bit laid by for a rainy day into the bargain!" The jennet jogged slowly on as Patrick soliloquised. "The poor lad, but it makes me heart ache to see him so low-like, setting so quiet in the house, and him thinking, thinking all the blessed while, and never a word out o' his mouth to complain. He's a rale good lad, and it's sorry I am that he should take on so bad, and all for the sake o' a pair o' bright eyes! To see him when Biddy Joyce was sick and Mike got laid up with rheumatics; who was it minded the cattle, and fed the pigs, and sat early and late 'tending on the pair o' thim but Dermot! It's mighty high the girl is, with her talk o' the gintry and the ilegant places she seen in London, and never a mintion o' his name in all her letthers, the foolish craythur! it's too good the bhoy is for the likes o' her!" The old man was beginning to wax indignant over his son's unfavoured suit when a voice, rich and strong, called to him across the loose stone wall that divided the road from the fields.

"Any news going down Lissough way, father?" It was Dermot, who had stopped for a moment in his task of cutting down the long grass.

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"Arrah, phwat news is it likely an old man like me should bring? You ask me so eager-like that I misdoubt me but it's some colleen that's caught your eye!" Patrick's eyes twinkled merrily as he made his little joke. Dermot's face saddened, and he turned to his scythe once more.

His father, sorry that he had brought back the cloud once more to his son's face, pulled the letter from his pocket and laid it on the wall.

"Now, there's for yez! as lovely a letther as ever you seen, all the way from London, with a little picthur of an agle on the back o' it! 'Tis for Biddy Joyce, and maybe ye'll take it, Dermot, seeing your legs is younger than mine?"

Dermot was off already, climbing the mountain slopes in hot haste.

Biddy Joyce stood watching him from the door where Eily and he had parted months before.

"The poor fellow! it's like me own son he has been all this time, so kind when the sickness took hould o' Mike and me! It's meself that wishes he could forget me daughter, for it's poor comfort she will ever be to him. Faith, thin, Dermot," she exclaimed, as he came towards her, "phwat is it at all at all that ye come hurrying like this when the sun is warm enough to kill a body? Come inside, lad, and taste a sup o' me nice, sweet butther-milk; shure the churn's just done, though the butther's too soft entoiirely"—she shook her head sadly.

"A letther!" cried Dermot, drawing out the treasured epistle from between the folds of his shirt, where he had hastily thrust it, that his hands might not soil the creamy paper.

"Thanks be to God!" exclaimed the woman, raising her eyes and hands for one moment to heaven. "'Tis long sence she wrote to me, the poor darlint, and it's many a time I lie awake and think o' the child all alone wid sthrangers not of her own blood. Whisht, boy, but you are worse nor meself I make no doubts"—as Dermot snatched the letter from her and hastily tore open the envelope. His face was pale with excitement and dread, for he feared, with a lover's jealous fear, that this was an announcement of Eily's marriage with some of the grand folks she had talked about.

"Rade it, Dermot; 'tis long sence I was at school, and the writin's not aisy."

Dermot obeyed, and this is the letter he

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spelt out slowly, with no little difficulty and several interruptions—

"Miss Vandaleur is sorry to tell Mrs. Joyce that her daughter Eily has been suffering from a severe illness; she has been in hospital for three weeks with brain fever, and until a few days ago was unable to give her mother's address. She is now much better, and the doctors hope to allow her to leave soon; she is being taken every care of by friends, but if some one could be spared to come such a long distance to see her, it would be the best thing for the poor girl, as she is always wishing for her home, and seems tired of living in London."

Biddy Joyce was weeping bitterly before the end of the letter, with her blue-checked apron held up to her eyes; three or four of the little ones had gathered around, staring with wide-open eyes. Dermot kept up bravely till the last sentence, and then he could stand it no longer; he rushed out of the house, down the stony boreen. Eily sick and ill! Eily well-nigh at death's door! Eily far away in hospital with strange hands to tend her! Poor girl, his love, his darlint! she was tired of it all, wishing for home; oh, how his heart yearned for her, and he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her. He wandered aimlessly about the mountain side until his emotion had well-nigh subsided, and then he plunged into the Joyces' cabin once more.

"Mrs. Joyce, it's to-morrow, early mornin', you and me musht shtart for London!"

Biddy looked up quickly. "To-morrow! the bboy's crazy entoirely! It will be a week before I can go. Who will look after the house and the hins, and the childer, not forgetting Mike himself? I musht wait till me sister comes from Ballinahinch, and thin I will go to the child. She's betther, and near well, or

the docthors wouldn't be for lettin' her out o' hospital, and faith, her aint, me sister Delia, will look afther her for a bit until I find it convaynient to lave; shure Mike himself will write to Eily and tell her I'm coming; that will cheer her heart up, the poor sowl."

"Maybe ye are right, Mrs. Joyce." Dermot said no more, but turned slowly away.

With a firm step and an air of decision he walked homewards across the fields.

"Mother, it's going to London I am," he said as he entered the house; "will ye see me clothes is ready, and put me up a bit o' bread? That's all I'll trouble ye for."



BIDDY JOYCE WAS WEEPING BITTERLY

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Honor O'Malley looked at the tall, manly figure of her only son, at the frank, proud face, the bright blue eyes, and the firmly-set mouth; the exclamation that was on her lips died away.

"God bless ye, me own bhoys!" she cried instead, in a half-smothered voice, and bent down over the hearth to hide the tears that rose to her eyes and choked her utterance.

Dermot climbed the ladder that led to the tiny room in the roof where he slept; from beneath the mattress he drew a box, which he unlocked carefully. A small pile of sovereigns lay at the bottom; he counted them carefully, although he knew exactly the sum the little box contained; after fingering them almost lovingly for a few moments he transferred them to a small canvas bag, which he put in his pocket. "Maybe 'twill all be wanted," he exclaimed, with a happy gleam in his eye; "maybe, and maybe not, but howsoever it goes, one look at her blessed face will be worth it all!"

V

IN a pretty, low-ceiled parlour, whose windows looked out upon a pleasant garden, lay Eily. The wide, old-fashioned sofa was drawn close to an open window, that she might feel the soft, cool air on her cheeks, and sniff the fragrance of the mignonette that filled the beds outside. It was a very thin face that lay upon the soft down pillow, but a slight tinge of pink on her cheeks told of returning health. Her abundant black tresses had been ruthlessly shorn away, and tiny curls clustered around forehead and neck; her eyes, dark as sloes, were large and thoughtful. Two days before she had been removed from the great London hospital, and brought by Miss Vandaleur to her father's country-home, where the kindest of white-haired house-keepers watched over her beloved Miss Bee's *protégée*, tending her with gentlest care.

"Good-morning, Eily;" Miss Vandaleur, in a simple morning gown of white, entered the room.

Eily struggled to her feet. "Good-morning, miss, your honour!"

Bee laughed good-naturedly; it was funny to hear herself addressed by such a title.

"Now lie still, Eily, you are not quite strong yet. Tell me, are you happy here?"

"Happy! Arrah, it's like heaven, miss;

my blessin' and the blessin' of God on ye for all your kindness to a poor girl. Shure, but for yourself I would have been in me grave this day."

"I am glad you are happy, Eily; but is there no one you would like to see, no one from home, I mean? Just say the word; perhaps I can manage it," she said slyly.

"Shure there's me mother—maybe me father too; but you could scarce get them here, miss—beggin' your honour's pardon," she added hastily.

"Is there no one else, Eily? no one that you think of sometimes—no one who was kind to you, and loved you dearly?" Bee was leaning over the wan face eagerly, and what she saw for answer was a deep crimson flush that covered face, neck, and brow, while tears rolled down her cheeks. She had been thinking of Dermot continually of late, wishing with all her heart that she had not so scorned his love; she had learnt many lessons in the quiet watches of the night and the weary hours of weakness through which she had passed.

Bee Vandaleur said no more, but patted the dark curls gently. "Don't cry, Eily, all will be right soon," and she left the room.

Eily was alone once more.

"Ah, Dermot, Dermot asthore! why was it I trated ye so!" The tears were trickling through her fingers, and her heart was aching with self-reproach.

"Eily, mavourneen!"

The tear-stained fingers were taken in two big, strong hands, and Dermot, with a depth of love in his eyes, bent over the sorrow-stricken face and laid a kiss on the quivering lips; not another word was spoken, but Dermot's protecting arms were around her, and with her head on his heart that throbbed with love and devotion all the past was blotted out, all her folly forgotten, and Eily found rest.

In a surprisingly short time Eily regained her health; happiness is the best of medicine, and Eily felt she had as much as her heart could hold. Looking at Dermot with a lover's eyes she found out all that was noble and good in him, and when he asked her to be his wife ere a week had flown by she gave a glad consent. Ah, but Dermot was the sly fellow! It was not for nothing he had emptied his hoard of savings into his pockets! The marriage licence was in his mind, and with a full purse it was easy to find a good father willing to tie the

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knot. So one day the little chapel that stood on the hill was the scene of a simple wedding; the mother was there in a grand new shawl and scarlet petticoat, so was Uncle William, resplendent in a new suit of black; Miss Vandaleur too was present, like the good fairy she was, smiling radiantly upon the shy-faced bride standing beside her handsome lad, surely the handsomest bridegroom that ever was seen. And when it was all over, and the wedding party returned to feast on the good things their benefactress had provided, what laughter and merry-making there was in the servants' hall as Dermot, growing bolder, snatched a kiss from his blushing bride before them all, and Uncle William, in the absence of his spouse, made a big speech, and invited all to drink to the health of Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley.

* * * * *

Once more in Connemara. The sun was setting in golden splendour over the purple mountains, and a stillness lay upon all.

A peasant girl stood outside a cabin door, shading her dark eyes with one hand; her black hair curled softly about her brow, and a red glow of health was on her cheeks. It was Eily; she was watching for her "man" at the end of the day. Within the house the fire was glowing cheerily, something savoury was cooking in the pot, and a neat little table was laid out invitingly with cups



DERMOT'S PROTECTING ARMS WERE AROUND HER

and saucers for two. Eily was proud of her home, and was already named as a thrifty housewife; not a woman in the country took more pride in the lightness of her bread or the sweetness of her butter. Presently along the white road a dark figure was seen speeding homewards. With a glad cry Eily hastened to meet him.

"Dermot!" The name was uttered in a tone that was full of love as she ran towards him.

"Eily, asthore, me own girl! is't late I am?" he asked as he bent and kissed the smiling lips; "shure I was hastening as fast as I could to get home to me darlint that was so lonesome without her bhoy, eh, acushla?"

The Duke of Norfolk and the Temporal Power of the Popes

MORE than thirty years have elapsed since the Papacy was shorn of the Temporal Power. But in the life of so ancient an institution thirty years are a brief span; and English Roman Catholics seem unwilling to admit that this momentous change in the political status of the Holy See is more than a transient phase in its chequered history. Did not the Pontiffs return in triumph to Rome, after a "Babylonian captivity" in Avignon extending over seventy years? And may not Providence have decreed an equally glorious restoration for the aged "Prisoner of the Vatican"? Such is the hope cherished, or at least ostentatiously proclaimed, by the English Ultramontanes. "We pray and we trust," so runs the address presented to Leo XIII. by the Duke of Norfolk, as President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, in the beginning of this year, "that this new century may witness the restoration of the Roman Pontiff to that position of temporal independence which your Holiness has declared necessary for the effective fulfilment of the duties of his world-wide charge."

One feels tempted to ask the President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain what would have happened, say, to a President of the Protestant Alliance of Great Britain who should have ventured, when Pio Nono was blessed with "temporal independence," to present an address to the Piedmontese Minister in Rome, expressing the good wishes of English Liberals for the success of Italian Unity? The Protestant stalwart would assuredly have had good cause to congratulate himself, if his audacity was rewarded with no more serious inconvenience than the active solicitude of the Papal *sbirri* for his expeditious return to his native sphere of usefulness. But the Italian Government, based as it is on the willing assent of a free people, has nothing to fear from the impertinent interference of irresponsible foreigners in the internal affairs of the country. It can afford to treat with Olympic indifference the vagaries of an ex-Minister of the British Crown. It does

not even grudge him what satisfaction he may derive from the consciousness that he has deeply wounded the patriotic sentiments of a people who, throughout the storm and stress of their *Risorgimento*, learnt to look on Englishmen as friends, and who, in turn, almost alone among Continental nations, proved themselves the friends and well-wishers of our country throughout the darkest period of the Transvaal war. Such is the difference—happily for the President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain—between constitutional Government and priestly tyranny on the banks of the Tiber. Rousseau described in stately verse "the resplendent orb of the universe," pursuing its serene course in the heavens, and "pouring its torrents of light" on the dusky sons of the desert, who insult it with the clamour of their barbarous rites. Not less dignified and magnanimous is the attitude of the House of Savoy towards those bands of Ultramontane pilgrims who, year after year, resort to the Eternal City to visit the relics, not of empire, but of superstition, and who requite the hospitality and protection of the Italian laws by their seditious vapourings.

The Duke of Norfolk—to do him justice—repudiates the charge of hostility to the cause of United Italy. His prayer for the restoration of the Temporal Power must, he thinks, be echoed by every statesman who is favourable to that cause. "It appears to be supposed in some quarters," he writes, "that a demand for Papal independence means a desire for the disruption of the Italian kingdom. This is a delusion. I am convinced that the Pope is a true lover of Italy. I do not believe he desires its disruption." Unfortunately for his Grace, the Head of his Church has given him away in advance; and that in no uncertain terms. In his letter of June 15, 1887, to Cardinal Rampolla, Leo XIII. dealt with this very point in the following words—

"We ask whether this condition of *unity* constitutes for nations a good so absolute that, without it, there is neither prosperity nor greatness for them, or so paramount that it must prevail over

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every other? The fact that there are very powerful and glorious nations which never possessed, and do not now possess, the kind of unity that is wanted here, replies for Us; and the same reply is furnished by natural reason, which recognises that, in the event of conflict, the interests of justice, that prime foundation of the welfare and stability of States, must prevail; and that more especially when they are bound up, as in this case, with the superior interest of religion and of the whole Church. In view of this, there can be no hesitation; and if it has pleased Divine Providence, in its special predilection for Italy, to place in her bosom the great institution of the Pontificate — by which every nation would feel honoured — it is just and due that the Italians should not allow difficulties to stand in the way of its being placed in the situation which befits it."

In a word, justice and religion, as expounded by the Popes in the interest of their own aggrandisement, are to brush aside a thing of such doubtful advantage and vastly inferior worth, as Italian Unity. Nothing less than this is involved in that "temporal independence" for which the Catholic Union of Great Britain prays.

If we are to believe the Duke of Norfolk, the "outburst" provoked by his Vaticanist *pronunciamento* affords him and his political co-religionists matter of rejoicing, rather than of humiliation and regret; and he has seen fit to emphasise his reactionary views by a letter to the newspapers, in which he charges the late King Victor Emmanuel

and Signor Crispi with breach of faith in their policy towards the Vatican. To pass that policy in review for the purpose of vindicating the character of the *Re Galantuomo*, would be indeed a work of supererogation. But we may well devote some attention to the speech delivered by Signor Crispi on the Roman Question, in the Italian Parliament, on November 17, 1864;

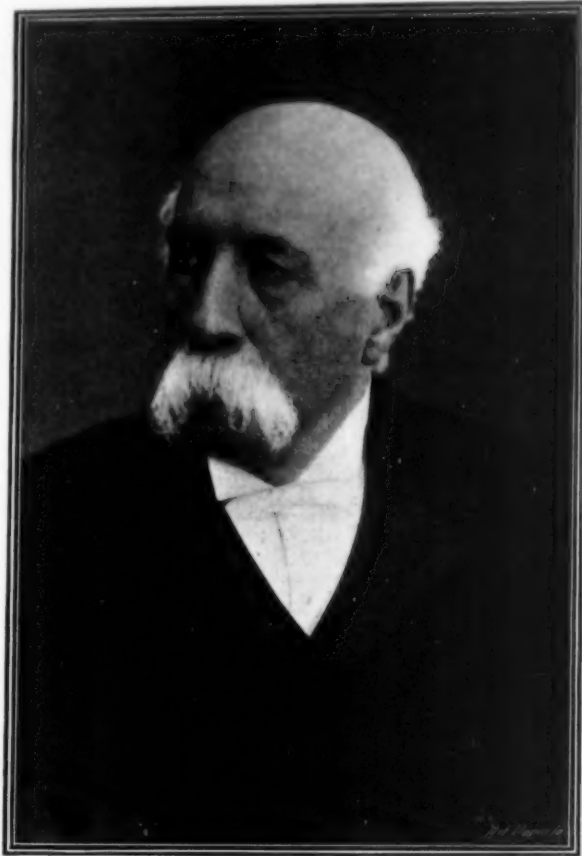
a speech containing reflections as true and as timely now as they were then. And in doing so, we would thank the President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain for the service he has rendered to the philosophic comprehension of that question by directing public attention to that speech, albeit — no doubt, unintentionally — by means of a garbled quotation.

This quotation, referred to by his Grace as conveying an "unfulfilled pledge," is as follows —

"The Roman Pontiff cannot be a citizen of a great State, descending

from the throne on which the Catholic world pays him homage. He must be prince and master in his own domain, second to none."

Signor Crispi's attention having been drawn to this impeachment of his consistency, that veteran statesman and patriot has done the present writer the honour of addressing to him the following letter —



SIGNOR CRISPI

The Duke of Norfolk and the Temporal Power of the Popes

"DEAR SIR,

"The Duke of Norfolk has falsified the fundamental idea of my speech pronounced in the Chamber of Deputies, at the sitting of November 17, 1864. I am sending you a complete copy under separate registered cover, in order that you may read it, and may satisfy yourself that far other was its object, altogether different the meaning of my words.

"I do not admit that the Pope should be a political sovereign, and my ideal of government would be that the Pope's authority should be restricted to the exercise of worship and of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. I recalled, as an illustration of my thesis, the Sicilian Monarchy, to which Urban II. delegated his jurisdictional rights in Sicily and its dependencies, then known under the name of *Apostolic Legation*.

"The Anglican Church, the Lutheran, the Orthodox, and many others exercise no political power, nor on this account are they less free in the exercise of their worship, whilst all are equal, as to rights and duties, before the Head of the State.

"When the Law of Guarantees was discussed, I combated those prerogatives which confer on the Pope powers that make him equal to territorial sovereigns. But the Duke of Norfolk has taken good care not to reproduce those speeches!

"For the rest, his action does not disconcert me; for I do not think there is any serious person in the world who can, in good faith, regard me as a clerical in politics.

"With distinguished greetings,

Garibaldi
F. Crispi

"Naples, March 10, 1901."

The text of Signor Crispi's speech, which I thus owe to his courtesy, entirely bears out the serious charge of misrepresentation its author brings against the President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. As its date indicates, it was delivered in the course of the discussion in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on the so-called September Convention between France and Italy, by which, in consideration of

the former agreeing to evacuate the Papal territory within two years, the latter Power undertook neither to invade that territory, nor to allow it to be invaded by Garibaldians, and also to remove the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence. This Convention was variously interpreted by the two Governments, almost before the ink upon it was dry; the Clerical Cabinet of Napoleon III. holding it out to the Ultramontane party in France, who resented the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, as a definite renunciation by Italy of her aspirations to establish the seat of her national government in the City of the Cæsars; whilst Victor Emmanuel's ministers protested against any such construction. The following letter,¹ published in Italian in Minghetti's interesting historical narrative, *La Convenzione di Settembre*, shows the light in which that treaty was regarded by the greatest contemporary British statesman.

"Broadlands, September 24, 1864.

"DEAR AZEGLIO,

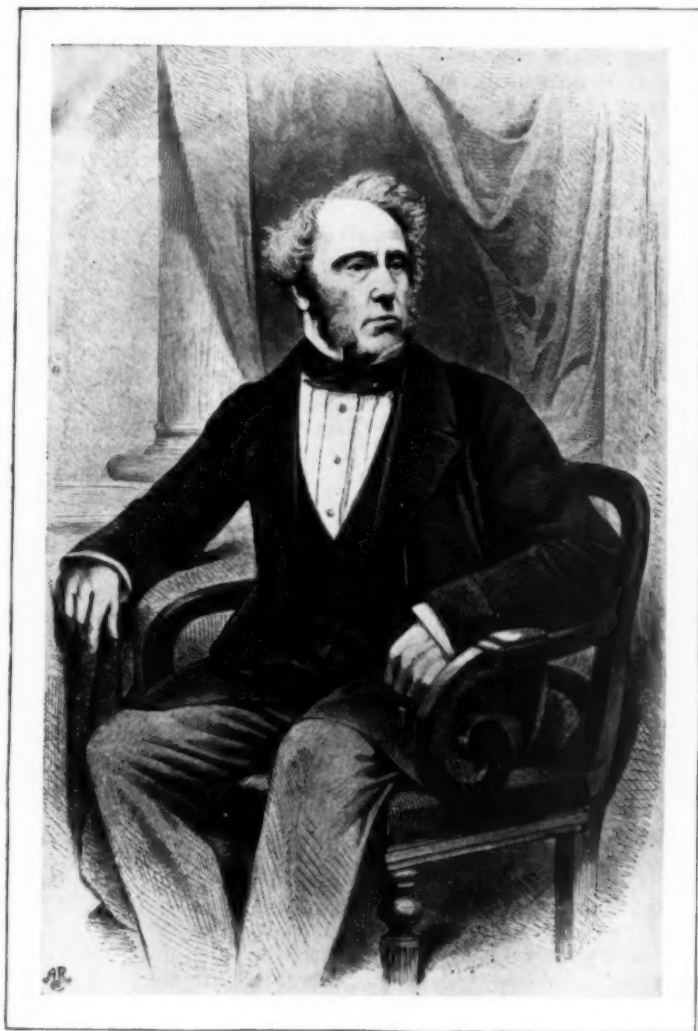
"I thank you for your letter, and congratulate you on the Convention of which you have informed me. The difficulties of the case were great, and the treaty that has been made is good: indeed I must say it is much better than I thought possible. It is a matter of capital importance for Italy that the French troops should evacuate the country; and if that is loyally and faithfully carried out in two years, you should not grudge the delay. Certainly I did not expect such an early evacuation of the Roman territory. Historical tradition points to Rome as the true capital of Italy; but, apart from this tradition, Florence is in many respects better suited to be the headquarters of the Italian Government. The undertaking given by your King not to attack Rome, and not to allow it to be attacked by volunteer bands from other parts of Italy, could certainly not be avoided, and will doubtless be observed. And if the Pope gets together a good army of French and Spaniards and Belgians, and finds money to pay them with, he may, for a considerable time, *repress the discontent of the inhabitants of the country governed in his name.*

¹ This letter was doubtless written in English by Lord Palmerston; but as the English text does not appear to have been published, I can only give a retranslation from the Italian version.

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"But, if his system of administration is not essentially improved, then lands and cities will, one after another, pass from under his sway, and the priests will have a bad time even in Rome."

A most instructive contrast to this letter is furnished by the circular issued to the Papal Nuncios at the foreign Courts by Pio Nono's Secretary of State, about a year later, when the French troops began to leave Rome.



LORD PALMERSTON

"On the whole I congratulate you sincerely on what may really be considered a great event.

"Yours sincerely,
"PALMERSTON.

"To the Marquis Emanuele D'Azeglio,
London."

In this document Cardinal Antonelli protested against the Convention, as depriving the Holy See of the protection it sorely needed against the machinations of the Italian Government. He also complained bitterly that the Pope should be expected to grant internal reforms which would

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reduce his authority to a shadow, and he proceeded to say, "*because he must stand firm and not grant them*, there will be an outcry against his obstinacy and shortsightedness, and it will be said that these were the causes of the evils that will follow."

Verily, had the author of this despatch, who for so many years was the chief inspirer of Pius IX.'s policy, been playing the part of Hushai in the interests of the Piedmontese David, he could not have served his master better than by giving the Papal Absalom the advice embodied in this circular to the Nuncios. Happily it was adopted and the "evils" did follow.

In the speech to which the Duke of Norfolk has drawn attention, Signor Crispi attacked the Convention as uncompromisingly as Antonelli; but on very different grounds. His fundamental objection to it was that it sacrificed Italy's liberty of action, with a view to her pursuing a policy of *conciliation* with the Papacy, which he deemed equally impracticable and undesirable. The object of the Cabinet which negotiated that Convention, as explained by its President, Signor Minghetti, in the work already mentioned, was, in the first instance, to eliminate from the Roman Question the extraneous factor of the French military occupation. This being done, the problem would be simplified, Papal Rome being, for the first time in its history, left alone face to face with a free and united Italy. Given this novel situation, time and the forces of civilisation might be expected to work together for a peaceful solution of the Roman Question, by way of a compromise with the Pope. Should he, however, prove obdurate to all moral pressure, the inevitable result would be another revolt of his subjects, in which case Italy would recover her liberty of action; for the Convention bound her only to protect the Papacy against attacks from without, not against internal revolution. Thus the Minghetti Cabinet relied on revolutionary forces as the *ultima ratio*. Its immediate policy with regard to Rome was summed up in the word "Conciliation."

Signor Crispi would have none of this policy of conciliation.

"A revolution," he declared, "can alone impose Italy on Rome: a revolution which should be, not only political, but religious, can alone give Italy her true capital."

"Conciliation introduces us to a totally different

order of ideas. We are obliged to come to terms; and do you expect that the Pope, who would not consent to recognise our right to that portion of territory wrested from him in 1860, will agree to be deprived of the City in which is his seat, to be deprived of the centre from which issue forth his orders and excommunications?"

"The Roman Church, Gentlemen, is Catholic, that is, Universal. This condition which is her strength is an evil for us. The Roman Catholic Church cannot, on that account, become a national Church, and you cannot treat her as you do all the other Churches whose respective heads are subjects of the King. Owing to her universal character, she must live by herself, she must not subject herself to any temporal power, because otherwise she would lack the independence which the nations who believe in her wish her to possess."

"General La Marmora was right in stating that he could not understand the simultaneous presence of the King and the Pope in Rome. Logical, as he is; a good Catholic, as we believe him to be, he cannot imagine how these two powers are to function in the same City without friction."

"The Roman Pontiff, as he is constituted to-day," [Why are the words in italics omitted from the Duke of Norfolk's quotation?] "cannot become the citizen of a great State, descending from the throne on which the whole Catholic world venerates him. He must be prince and master in his own house [*a casa sua*], second to none. On the other hand, the King of Italy cannot sit beside a monarch who is his superior, because he (the Pope) has subjects wherever are believers. His authority would be less than that of the little King of Greece: he would have to subject himself to a jurisdiction to which Henry VIII. of England would not submit."

Such are the words in which, forsooth, the dialectical subtlety of the President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain discerns a pledge on Signor Crispi's part to maintain the Temporal Power of the Papacy. Unsophisticated minds will rather see in them a striking demonstration of the impossibility of reconciling the conflicting claims of the Italian Monarchy and the Papacy to the temporal sovereignty of Rome: the fateful necessity that, in this contest, one of these two institutions should succumb to the other. Further they will understand Signor Crispi to have emphasised a still more pregnant fact; the practical impossibility, in our day, of any Catholic sovereign sharing his capital, on terms of amity and decorous intercourse, with a potentate who claims to be above all kings, and who requires the *absolute obedience* of all sons of the Church, whether subjects or sovereigns, in all matters he holds to be included in the comprehensive sphere of faith, morals, and the discipline and government of the Church.

The intolerable immoderateness of these claims, the numerous points they present

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of possible conflict with the civil power, in all communities in which they are actively asserted, and their consequent unacceptability, in greater or lesser degree, to all civilised States, go far to explain the ease with which the Italian Government settled the Roman Question in 1870, when the downfall of Napoleon III. had deprived the Papal throne of its last carnal stay and defence, the French *chassepot*. A problem which under various forms had vainly exercised the minds of generations of Italian patriots from Dante and Arnold of Brescia to Mazzini and Cavour seemed suddenly to solve itself. The ancient ramparts of the capital of Catholic Christendom, which had so long and so successfully rolled back the tide of the nation's aspirations after a higher destiny, now, in the fulness of time, crumbled like the walls of Jericho at the trumpet-blast of the forces of freedom and progress. The diplomatic correspondence of that period shows that Victor Emmanuel's Cabinet were indeed unable to realise how plain and simple their task had become. Dreading foreign complications, they made tentative overtures to the Powers, with a view to settling the Pope's position, in part at least, by international guarantees. Happily the lukewarm interest shown by the Catholic Powers rendered these overtures abortive, and, in the sequel, Italy was able to settle her relations towards the Roman Pontiff, the College of Cardinals, the Papal envoys and the foreign representatives accredited to the Holy See, solely by *internal legislation*.

Technically, the most formidable obstacle in Italy's way, at this time, was the September Convention referred to above. Though France had herself violated the Convention some years before, to Italy's prejudice, honour seemed to forbid that the latter should now take advantage of France's abasement to violate it in turn. All difficulty on this score was removed, however, by the friendly attitude of the new French Ministry, which hastened to assure Victor Emmanuel's Government, that they considered the Convention as virtually at an end. Still more remarkable was Austria's refusal, at this critical period, to lift a finger on behalf of the Pope. Writing to his Government two days before the Italian occupation of Rome, Signor Minghetti, who had been sent on a special mission to Vienna, said: "The time-honoured traditions and well-known

piety of this Court, personal relationships, the influence of the clergy, the power and ramifications of the party calling itself Catholic, everything in a word was to have been pressed into service, with a view to obtaining assistance, or at least a declaration censuring the acts of the Italian Government. Such, indeed, was the demand of the Pontifical Nuncio, backed by the most emphatic assurances of the confidence the Pope reposed in the Emperor of Austria above all the potentates of the earth. The Imperial Government remained obdurate to all prayers and entreaties. It replied with perfect propriety that it did not intend to take any part in the present issue, and that it did not deem it advisable to express any judgment, seeing that it was firmly resolved not to support its judgment by any sanction. That, if the Holy Father had been willing to treat with the King of Italy, it might have interposed its good offices; but that as he (the Pope) had refused to treat, even this way was precluded. That accordingly it could only recommend the Italian Government to show all due regard to the person and office of the Pontiff."

Nor was this the only rebuff the Pope met with, in this tremendous crisis, at the hands of Catholic Austria. In the letter quoted above, Leo XIII. expresses the view that every nation—except of course graceless Italy—would feel *honoured* to harbour within its borders "the great institution of the Pontificate." This being the case, one would have expected that, after the breach of Porta Pia, when the hated Italian tricolour flew over the Capitol, and the aged Pontiff found himself a "Prisoner" in the Vatican, the least hint that he contemplated shaking the dust of Rome and Italy from his feet, and of establishing elsewhere the headquarters of the Church, would instantly have elicited an effusive invitation to his Holiness from his Apostolic Majesty of Austria to repair to his dominions. Instead of this, as we learn from a despatch of Signor Minghetti (October 16, 1870), on Cardinal Antonelli's broaching this subject to the Imperial Ambassador in Rome, Count Trautmansdorff replied that, in his view, "such a decision would be very serious and contrary to the true interests of the Holy See, and that the respectful counsel Austria would tender to the Pontiff would be to *remain in Rome*."

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If historical traditions count for anything in such matters, Spain should, at the very least, have lent the full weight of her diplomacy to the Papal protests against the abolition of the temporal power of the Holy See. But her Laodicean Prime Minister, Prim, confined his representations to the Italian Government merely to two points: "the perfect *spiritual* independence of the Head of the Catholic religion, and the *personal* liberty of its Supreme Hierarchy," neither of which that Government had the least intention to restrict. In Bavaria the events transpiring in Rome created considerable popular ferment. The Archbishop of Munich walked at the head of a monster procession of priests and peasants, with the object of arousing the Bavarian capital to a due sense of the calamity that had befallen the Head of the Church. The Clerical Press preached a crusade against Italy, and collected funds. But here also the Government were too wise to pick a quarrel with a friendly Power for the sake of the Pope; the more so that they were themselves at issue with him on the subject of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, which they regarded as infringing the rights of the civil power, and would not allow to be promulgated in Bavaria.

The passive, if not indifferent, attitude European diplomacy maintained in 1870, whilst the Roman Question was being solved in drastic fashion by the Italian nation will surprise no one who bears in mind what a source of thankless trouble that question had been to the Continental Chancelleries during the greater part of the eighteenth century. The temporal power of the Popes had in fact survived the social and political conditions under which its existence was possible, and like all institutions that cannot adapt themselves to the changed conditions of their environment, it was bound to disappear. The late Senator Pantaleoni, the confidential agent and adviser of Cavour in the secret negotiations the latter carried on, in 1860, with the Holy See, shows in his instructive monograph, *The Italian Idea in the Suppression of the Temporal Power of the Popes*, that Liberals and Clericals are alike mistaken in regarding this consummation of their hopes or fears, as the effect of the movement which made Italy a United Kingdom. The cause lay deeper: Theocratic Government in Rome must

have come to an end, even if Italy had only become a Federation of States. It was indeed still possible up to the close of the eighteenth century. The principles of the Syllabus presented no very glaring contrast to the ideas of social order prevalent up to that time among the inhabitants of the Pontifical States. Powerful interests moreover were enlisted in its support. A third of the lands belonged to the Church and the religious corporations, whilst another third, at least, was owned by the nobility and gentry. And the interests of the latter were closely bound up with those of the Sovereign through that peculiarly Roman institution, the *Prelatura*, a hybrid blend of ecclesiasticism and secularism, which monopolised all the chief posts in the administration of Church and State, and opened up a profitable career to the younger sons of the great families, with a Cardinal's hat, or even a tiara, as the ultimate goal of success in the arts of servility and intrigue. But Theocratic Government was a hopeless anachronism in Rome, when once the French Revolution and the Napoleonic invasion had swept away that archaic system, and had brought the Eternal City into touch with modern life and modern ideas of law and liberty.

Thenceforward it was in vain that the Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, reinstated Pius VII. as temporal sovereign of Rome, and that the French Republic, belying its own principles, in 1848, performed the same office for Pius IX. The temporal power of the Popes could only have continued to subsist by conforming to, and promoting, the temporal interests of the people, as European diplomacy constantly urged it to do. But this was in the nature of things impossible. The peculiar claim that Papal sovereignty possesses to the support of the faithful lies in the fact that it professes to subordinate *temporal* to *spiritual* interests; that it governs in accordance, not with Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, but with the principles of the Syllabus. Hence it was bound to set its face, as it did, against "progress, liberalism, and modern civilisation," to deny to its subjects liberty of conscience, of worship and of speech, and to entrust the administration of the affairs of earth to that exalted caste, which alone possesses the fundamental requisite of mystic initiation into the things of Heaven. Small wonder that the elaborate system of misgovern-

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ment resulting from these principles was endured by its victims so long only as it was imposed on them by foreign bayonets.

Only foreign bayonets could reimpose it to-day; and the task would present infinitely greater difficulties than ever it did in the past. It is not merely that the armed resistance of a nation of thirty millions would now require to be overcome, and that in this supreme struggle England would be bound, by regard for her own interests in the Mediterranean, to stand by her Italian ally. It is not only that France and Austria, the erstwhile executors of the Pontiff's designs against the liberties of Italy, are now joined with her in close bonds of friendship or alliance; nor yet that Italy's position in the European Concert so completely overshadows that of the Papacy, that she recently succeeded in excluding its diplomatic representative from the Peace Conference at the Hague. All these are indeed formidable obstacles

to the realisation of the dreams of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. But a more formidable obstacle still consists in the fact that those expectations run counter to the spirit of the age, and to that resistless trend in the long chain of events that have issued in Italian Unity, which compels the wonder of the most sceptical observers, and in which many religious minds, not only among Protestants, but even amongst Roman Catholics, are fain to recognise the manifest workings of Providence.

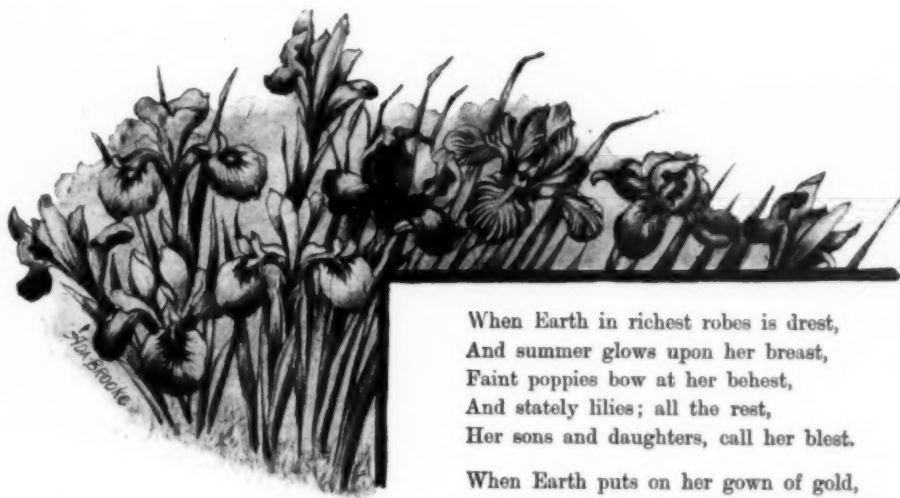
*Che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo?*¹

(What profits, at the fates to butt the horn?)

The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes has been tried at the bar of history and been found wanting; and the growing conviction of the public mind of Europe is that to attempt its restoration would be a crime against the ethical progress of the race.

T. BOSTON BRUCE.

¹ Dante's *Inferno*, c. ix, 97.



The Seasons

WHEN Earth puts on her gown of green,
And soft her lamb's-wool vest is seen,
As sea and lake she stands between,
Her fair head crown'd with silver sheen,
My herald-heart proclaims her queen.

When Earth in richest robes is drest,
And summer glows upon her breast,
Faint poppies bow at her behest,
And stately lilies; all the rest,
Her sons and daughters, call her blest.

When Earth puts on her gown of gold,
And wraps within her veil-mist's fold
The jewelled bravery untold
Of crimson'd leaf and fruit; behold
Our loyal love, it grows not cold.

When Earth puts on her gown of snow,
Her vassal huntsmen wild blasts blow
From North and East, and, cheeks aglow,
Her thralls bring log and mistletoe,
And pour us wine in ruddy flow.

L. ANN CUNNINGTON.

Australian Immigration

By J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

ONE of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the nineteenth century is that which records the settlement of an English population in Australasia. Four hundred years ago the existence of the Southern Continent was unknown in Europe, and a hundred and thirty years ago it did not contain a single white man. Its vast forests and pastures were overrun by tribes of "blacks," who lived solely by hunting and fishing, and, without the aid of frontier posts, jealously guarded the tribal territory against all intruders, very much as the troops of dogs in an oriental town maintain their quarter exclusively for themselves and their progeny.

These degraded aborigines were still in the "stone age" of progress when our story opens, in 1770; knowing no more of agriculture, writing, building, tailoring, or any other useful art than the cave-man of Europe in pre-historic times.

When in 1788 the British flag was hoisted in Sydney Harbour, King George III. became ruler of about a million of these blacks. But, just as the black rat is everywhere disappearing before the brown rat, so the black man, in certain circumstances at least, dies out in contact with the white man; and it is doubtful whether George's great-grandson reigns over ten thousand Australasian aborigines. (Queen Trucaninai, the last survivor in Tasmania, died in

1876.) This noble and compact dominion, containing 3,174,000 square miles, is to-day inhabited by some 5,000,000 persons of British birth; and every section of it, from the swarming town to the lonely homestead and the bush clearing, is as plainly the country of Augustine, Shakespeare and Hampden as Middlesex or Kent.



Photo by Russell and Sons

J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

Involuntary Immigrants

But how comes it that 5,000,000 of our countrymen stand to-day where not one stood one hundred and thirty years ago? The story is a curious one. When George Grenville and a yet more exalted George lost the American Colonies, two minor problems stared our ancestors in the face. Whither should they transport their criminals (who could no longer be sent to Virginia), and where could they procure a decent substitute for Virginian tobacco (of the fragrance of which we still enjoy a whiff in

Thackeray's immortal romance)? The first of these questions seemed to the Government of more importance than the second. They were wrong. But they had not got beyond Plato's notion, that "undesirables," the offspring of ill-starred marriages, should be banished. It was accordingly resolved to send all criminals who could not decently be hanged out of hand, to Botany Bay, which had been discovered by Captain Cook some sixteen

Australian Immigration

years before. It appeared certain from his report that the convicts could not demoralise or corrupt the blacks to any considerable extent. The penal settlement was conveniently remote; so that, with the aid of a statute imposing the death penalty on offenders returning (like "Our Mutual Friend") to England, as did the exemplary ticket-of-leave man, the mother country would see no more of them. And so, in the autumn of 1787, the historical "First Fleet" was made up, consisting of eleven vessels, under the command of Captain Arthur Phillip as commodore. There were on board 1030 persons, of whom 696 were convicts, the rest being sailors and soldiers. With this securely-guarded cargo of rascality Phillip reached Botany Bay in January 1788, but finding the site unsuitable, he moved along the coast some ten miles, and reached Sydney Harbour, then and now the loveliest inlet of the sea to be admired in either hemisphere. Here, on the 26th of January, the first Australian settlement was founded by Captain Phillip, the Australian Æneas; the British ensign being hoisted, King George was proclaimed, with the captain as Governor; and last, but not least, a series of rewards and penalties announced. Under Governor Phillip's firm and just administration all went well. Some of the prisoners were employed as labourers, and, as early as 1790, freedom and a farm were given to one of the more meritorious.

Three years afterwards came the Second Fleet, bearing 1695 male and 65 female prisoners. Altogether 137,161 convicts were sent to Australia in the fifty years during which that wide and fertile continent was primarily regarded in Downing Street as a dumping-ground for rogues. On the other hand, more than 1,800,000 emigrants of irreproachable character have since reached the country from our shores; and under this great persistent tide of honesty, this "long wash" of a purer element, any taint of evil in the Australian character disappeared. Yet, as late as March 1822, Charles Lamb thus humorously addresses Baron Field, then holding a judicial appointment at Sydney—

"I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. . . . The kangaroos, your aborigines, do they keep their primitive simplicity, un-Europe tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pick-pocket? Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *a priori*; but if the hue-and-cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of

hind-shifters as the expertest locomotor in the colony. Pray is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers? Do you grow your own hemp? What is your staple trade, exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists. . . ."

As a matter of fact, the convicts having been scattered over a territory as large as Europe have melted utterly out of sight, like the fallen leaves which are blown about a field, and fertilise it. But what wise man troubles himself about the private character of his ancestors? Some of our great northern families on both sides of the Border boast founders whose achievements in the way of cattle-lifting and highway robbery put to shame those of Ned Kelly and "Captain Starlight." It must in fairness be remembered that men and women were transported for offences which would now be regarded leniently. Thus a man of some position was sent to Botany Bay for stealing note-paper. And during the hungry years of the Napoleonic struggle, when the poor could not afford to buy meat, swarms of poachers, who yielded to temptation and fed their emaciated wives and children on the fat hares and birds that played in their path, were deported at every assize by the exasperated squires. At the beginning of the nineteenth century over a hundred offences, including every one of any gravity, were punished with death, so that only the criminals of less pronounced depravity filtered through the law's meshes to Australia. The story of transportation is interesting enough, but too long to be included in this paper. As is well known, the colonists successfully protested against the system under which their beautiful land was treated as a social midden; and the last convict was landed in 1868. One of the most remarkable of the transported fraternity was George Barrington, who is reported to have picked pockets at a *levée*, *coram Rege*. He must have had some good qualities, for he was the first to receive emancipation, and died in the Colony at an advanced age. He is said to have composed the following witty prologue on the occasion of the opening, by convicts, of the first Sydney theatre—

PROLOGUE

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas we come,
Though not with much *éclat*, or beat of drum;
True patriots, all, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good:

Australian Immigration

No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
 What urged our travels was our country's weal;
 And none will doubt, but that our emigration,
 Has proved most useful to the British nation.
 But you inquire, what could our breasts inflame,
 With this new passion for theatric fame?
 What, in the practice of our former days,
 Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
 Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
 You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.
 He who to midnight ladders is no stranger
 You'll own will make an admirable Ranger;
 To seek MacHeath we have not far to roam,
 And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home,
 Unrivalled there, none will dispute my claim,
 To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.
 As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
 When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
 Some true-bred Falstaff, we may hope to start,
 Who, when well bolster'd, well will play his part.
 The scene to vary we shall try in time
 To treat you with a little pantomime.
 Here light and easy Columbines are found,
 And well-tried Harlequins with us abound.
 From durance vile our precious selves to keep
 We often had recourse to th' flying leap;
 To a black face have sometimes owed escape,
 And Hounslow Heath has proved the worth of
 crape.
 And how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
 Above these scenes and rise to tragic lore?
 Too oft, alas! we forced th' unwilling tear,
 And petrified the heart with real fear.
 Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
 For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep.

* * * * *

Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
 An actor may improve and mend his part.
 "Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like a drone,
 We'll find a man would help himself to one.
 Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
 To gain your smiles we'll do our very best,
 And, without dread of future turnkey Lockits,
 Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

Voluntary Immigrants

What words are sufficient to describe the unceasing migration of British folk in the nineteenth century! What other Empire in history could have sustained a loss of fifteen millions of the home population in a hundred years, and remained far mightier and more populous than ever? When I think of that endless exodus, and of the work the wanderers accomplished, I recall De Quincey's impressive account of his dream—of the solemn music, and the "tread of innumerable armies, filing off into space"; I see the huge canvas on

which Turner's genius depicted the *Building of Carthage* multiplied as in a hall of mirrors.

Let the imaginative reader try for a moment to clothe the dry bones of the following tables with flesh and blood—

TOTAL NUMBER OF EMIGRANTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM FROM 1815—1899.

To United States . . .	10,175,443
„ Canada . . .	2,297,548
„ Australasia . . .	1,801,164
„ Cape of Good Hope and all other places . . .	886,804
	<hr/> 15,160,959 <hr/>

Since 1853 the following were the nationalities of the emigrants who left the United Kingdom for America and the Colonies—

English	4,572,560
Irish	3,247,503
Scotch	875 868
	<hr/> 8,695,931 <hr/>

Some two millions of the fifteen found their way to Australasia, and the fruit of their toil and danger and self-denial is seen to-day in the opening of the Parliament of a United Australia by a future ruler of the Empire. So keen and breathless has the struggle been, that the Island Continent has not had time to reckon up its worthies. Some day we shall see the statues of Cook, Phillip, King, Macarthur, Burke, Wills, Parkes, Dalley, Kendall, Lindsay Gordon, Marcus Clarke, and others, chiselled by native sculptors from the marble of the Australian Alps, gleaming white and immortal in a national Walhalla. And I shall not be surprised to see in that day the figure of the saintly Caroline Chisholm adorning a window of the metropolitan cathedral, and "casting a dim religious light" on the kneeling worshippers below, just as the transparent beauty of her character irradiated all about her in her lifetime.

Mrs. Chisholm

The history of Australian immigration is inseparably associated with her name. She was as clearly the indispensable woman of the time as Joan of Arc, with a mission to fulfil which no other could perceive or undertake. The business before the Empire was the colonisation of Australia. The country could not be abandoned to expatriated criminals, or garrisoned from year

Australian Immigration

to year by bachelor settlers. On the other hand, of all helpless animals landed on a strange shore the female *homo* is perhaps the most hopelessly doomed to failure and misfortune. Mrs. Chisholm, wife of an officer in the Indian army, already known for charitable work in Madras, came to Sydney in 1838, and at once set to work as Guardian Angel of the crowds of young women who were wandering about looking for work. In the country districts the

"personally conducted" parties (numbering on one occasion 147 girls) into the Bush; and altogether provided in this way for 11,000 persons, who became the first Australian matrons. The "Vicar of Wakefield" mentioned with approval "Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two (*sic*) children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable



MRS. CHISHOLM

From the painting in possession of her daughter, Mrs. O'Connor, by Sir George Hayter, Portrait Painter to Queen Victoria

squatters were suffering from the disorder, the waste, the downright discomfort, as well as the moral coarseness and brutality due to the absence of the feminine element. How to distribute the sorely-needed daughters of Eve was the question, and it was completely solved by Mrs. Chisholm. She organised herself as a kind of Labour Bureau and Refuge combined; received, housed, clothed, fed and transported the women as they arrived to the settlers whose names were on her books. At intervals she took

offering he had to bestow." All praise to the doughty count of the Empire; and as much to the indomitable little lady with her train of 11,000 maidens, fated to become more honoured than the 11,000 virgins martyred at Cologne!

The Gold Fever

No attempt can here be made to afford a complete account of the colonising process; but a few pregnant facts may be given.

Australian Immigration

An immense stimulus was given to immigration by the discovery of gold in 1851. Every English ploughman dreamed of kicking golden clods; every mechanic despised the laborious arts by which he and his fellows earned a precarious living. There were three classes of emigrants: those who were (1) self-supported and independent; (2) the "assisted," and (3) those gratuitously forwarded, under the control of Government Commissioners. A letter written in 1852 states:—"The number of persons that arrived in Melbourne last week was 4283; who left it, 390; leaving an addition to our population of 3893." At the same time we are told that "the great lack at present is that of labour—labour that will be content with ordinary callings, and settle itself on the soil, not for the purpose of digging yellow metal, but of producing human sustenance. Let the British public be told that for the want of this we are paying at Sydney £40 a ton for flour." . . . "No man now will work under 10s. per day, even at road-scraping." All classes in fact were pouring to the "diggings," which were pictured as strewn with precious boulders, like the valleys in the *Arabian Nights*. "A worthy, we are told, who formerly condescended to sweep chimneys at the moderate price of 2s. 6d. has gone off to the diggings, and left his old customers to do this unpleasant office themselves." Ships were deserted by their crews, the banks lost their clerks, shop after shop bore placards calling in vain for twenty or thirty "hands" at high wages. "I was at the Botanical Gardens last Sunday, and there were diggers' wives promenading, most splendidly dressed in silks, satins, velvets, feathers and jewellery, who had been servants in situations the week before." As to the way in which new arrivals were fleeced, we may judge by the single fact that after an emigrant had reached Melbourne, he had to pay from £3 to £5 for a boat to convey him and his belongings ashore.

Gradually the gold fever subsided, but the tide of emigration still poured in. And everywhere the value of Mrs. Chisholm's work became apparent. She had from the first been heartily supported by the leading colonists, and chiefly, I am proud to remember, by my dear friend and father-in-law, the late Samuel Bennett, an enlightened, energetic Colonist, newspaper proprietor, land-owner, editor,

author, and philanthropist. She was now in England, organising the emigration movement at the starting-point. Her grand aims were, to prevent the dispersion of families, to ensure the travellers' comfort on the voyage, and to find them employment in the New World. The most successful emigrants had always been found to be the "nominated" class, relatives of established settlers, who were received and provided for on arrival by their own kith and kin. The cost of so long a voyage kept many superfluous thousands at home who were sorely needed on the wide cattle-runs of New South Wales and Victoria. She therefore founded the "Family Colonisation Loan Society," which advanced the necessary funds to suitable applicants, and trusted (rarely in vain, be it said) to their honour and gratitude for repayment.

It may be interesting to mention one or two particulars of the earliest settlers and their experiences. Readers will remember that the British smoker was in some concern, at the time of the secession of the North American Colonies, as to the supply of his darling weed, so long obtained from the Virginian plantations.

"The first free immigrant, and indeed the first person of any class in the colony of New South Wales, was a German of the name of Peter Schaeffer. He had been sent out in the 'First Fleet' as an agricultural superintendent, chiefly with a view to attempt the cultivation of tobacco; Schaeffer unfortunately had contracted habits of intemperance. He obtained a grant of fifty acres, in what now constitutes an exceedingly valuable locality in the town of Sydney, but was induced to surrender it to the Colonial Government for public service about the year 1807, receiving as a compensation twenty gallons of rum (which was then worth £3 a gallon), and a grant of similar extent at Pitt Water, one of the inlets of Broken Bay. Schaeffer married a female convict, and settled on his farm at Pitt Water, where he lived many years; but old age, poverty and intemperance, induced him at length to sell it piecemeal, and he died in the Benevolent Asylum, or Colonial Poor House. If he had only retained his fifty-acre farm in Sydney for about thirty years, he could have sold it for at least £100,000, which at the usual rate of interest in the colony would have yielded him a permanent income of £10,000 a year."—Dr. Lang's *History of New South Wales*.

"On January 16, 1792, the *Bellona* arrived in Sydney with free immigrants, who were granted farms of from eighty to one hundred acres a few miles from Sydney, and from the fact that the new settlers were originally free, the site of the farms received the name of 'Liberty Plains.'

"Assisted" immigration dates from 1796, when the first body of free settlers was introduced at

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the public expense on the recommendation of the Colonial Governor.

"Michael Henderson (of the Hunter) long afterwards a resident of Roslyn Castle, Raymond Terrace, and William Howe (of Glenlee), the first settlers who paid their own passages to New South Wales, arrived in 1818.

"In June 1831, the first ship carrying female immigrants arrived, having on board fifty young women from an orphan school in the City of Cork.

"As early as 1832 a sum of £3600 was voted to encourage immigration by the Legislative Council of New South Wales, the Imperial Government having expressed their intention to contribute for the same purpose double the sum voted by the colony.

"In May 1838, a public meeting was held in Sydney to petition the Governor on the subject of encouraging immigration, and procuring the discontinuance of transportation.

"Mr. James Macarthur returned to the colony of New South Wales in 1839, bringing with him from Germany six vine-dressers and their families to be employed in the vineyard at Camden. Such a man in ancient Greece would have been worshipped as 'Bacchus.'"

Statistics

And now it is necessary to submit a few figures, which I shall do in the hope that those who have hitherto maintained their interest in the subject, will, like the satisfied guests at a charity dinner, when the inevitable report is read, restrain the natural inclination to resent any invitation to arithmetical exercises.

The grand total of immigrants, voluntary and involuntary, who have landed in Australia is 1,801,164. Of these 320 arrived in the year 1821, and 87,881 in the year 1852. In the thirty-eight years from 1815 to 1852 there were 310,836 new-comers, and in the eight years from 1853 to 1860 no less than 397,389. In the ten years 1881—1890 there were 383,729; but in the last nine recorded, 1891—1899, only 184,930.

From 1838 to 1875 there arrived in New South Wales 194,785 emigrants; in New Zealand 124,556 emigrants; in Queensland 76,753 emigrants; in South Australia 122,713 emigrants; in Tasmania 24,353 emigrants; in Victoria 479,577 emigrants, and in West Australia 8990 emigrants; or a total of 1,031,727 emigrants from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

New South Wales

In this, the Mother Colony, "assisted" immigration dates from 1832. Up to the

end of 1898 the assisted immigrants numbered 211,963, viz. 76,846 men, 81,925 women, 27,256 boys, and 25,936 girls. But the crisis is past, there is now a sufficient supply of labour; and in 1899 the number of State-assisted immigrants fell to three adult males, four women, one boy and one girl—who may have the distinction of being the last members of the class. A glance at the Statistical Registers would suffice to dispel the notion that the Australians, however prosperous, are the descendants of paupers sent out from this country. The "assisted" were always a small minority. Thus, in 1888, they numbered but 528, as against 64,698 immigrants who paid their own expenses; in 1889 only 431 as against 63,766, and in 1899 a poor 9 as against 77,534. An excellent plan adopted by Sir John Robertson, the Prime Minister, was that all immigrants should be nominated by their friends or relatives in New South Wales.

Queensland

The official return for Queensland gives between 1861 (when "assisted" immigration was introduced) and 1900 a total of "213,942 souls, equal to 189,731½ adults." This quaint equation of physical and metaphysical elements is evidence of the scrupulous nicety of the statistical mind; though it must be confessed the reference to half an adult is at first sight a little discomposing.

Irish Immigrants

Although Anglo-Saxondom has been so largely colonised by the Irish Celt, and Sydney Smith's sneer at the "great Irish manufacture of children" was launched in blindness and ignorance, it does not appear that the Australian Colonies contain a large proportion of Irishmen. In the year 1852 there were 190,322 emigrants from the Emerald Isle; and the lowest number was 32,241, in 1898 (under a Conservative Administration). But the proportions of these going to Australia has not during the past five years exceeded 2·6 per cent., and in 1900 it fell to 1·8 per cent. The proportion of Roman Catholics to all other denominations in Australia is about 1 to 4. In other words, the Irish and their descendants number one-fourth of the entire population.

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Remittances

One of the most amiable features in the British emigrant's character is an inveterate habit of sharing his earnings with the "old folks at home." He is as gallant and unselfish as that noble and familiar bird, the king of the barnyard, who no sooner discovers anything dainty than he summons his whole family to enjoy it. In a single year he (and she) sent home in small money-orders, from 10s. to £10 in value, no less than £2,846,842, of which £346,337 came from Australia. These sums are in addition to very large amounts remitted home through the banks. Very often I have been privileged to act for Australian working-men in transactions of this kind, and I remember that the contributions were usually "ear-marked" for one or other of the following objects—(1) to pay the passage-money of father, mother, brother, or sister, or sometimes sweetheart, to the Colony; (2) to pay the rent of the parents left behind, to provide special comforts for them, or, as a last sad tribute, to defray their funeral expenses; and (3) to purchase goods for use in Australia, or it might be for the benefit of those receiving the money. And here I will conclude a labour of love by relating an anecdote which testifies to the value of the policy of maintaining the cheapest possible communication between the emigrant and his friends at home.

About fifteen years ago a Member of Parliament happened to be standing in the post-office of a Lincolnshire village, when a poor old woman in deep black came in with a letter for her son in Australia, on which letter she, in her ignorance, intended to place a penny stamp. On being told that the postage was sixpence, she took back her letter and was going away with it. "If," she said ruefully, "it had been a penny, I should have had fivepence left for tea and bread." Of course the politician, having human feelings, paid the sixpence and the letter was dispatched. Some three

months afterwards that member passed through the village again and asked at the post-office for news of the old widow. The postmaster was radiant. "The son sent her five pounds in reply, sir," said he, "and is going to pay for her passage out." They had not corresponded for years until she wrote that letter, three months ago, on the death of her husband.

On Christmas Day, 1898, I wrote—

"It is the first day of Imperial Penny Postage, and everybody seems to have a friend to write to in the Colonies. Look at that stern, wrinkled old man, on whose arm is the hand of a dame, also wrinkled, but by no means stern-looking. They are on their way to church. She smiles at him as she puts a missive into the pillar-box, and lo! he too draws from his pocket a letter, and slips it in after hers. It is addressed to one Tom, who ran away to Natal, twenty years ago, and whose penitent letters have never yet been noticed by his father, though the mother has never ceased to cherish and reply to them. The old lady has been enlarging of late (not without fond design) on the new postal boon granted to the Empire. Her spouse has listened silently. This Christmas morning he shut himself up for an hour, and here is the result in the shape of a letter on its way to the offender. And the father enters the sacred portal with a lighter step, as if he had taken some heavy load from his breast instead of that scrap of paper."

I have pictured the posting of a letter to the Colonies; let me describe the receipt of it, in words which in 1886 I addressed to the House of Commons, and which, at the risk of being censured for quoting myself, I now address to the wider circle of readers of the *Leisure Hour*—

"I wish the Postmaster-General could in spirit transport himself into some rough, log-built shanty on the fringe of a virgin forest, where a knot of shaggy, brown-faced men are gathered in a circle to hear a letter from home read aloud. If he could mark the keen feeling on every face, the rapt attention, the lively interest displayed in the history, health and doings of their comrade's family circle at home in England—perhaps even the passing shade of envy at his happiness—and remember that such happiness would be returned a thousand-fold when the wanderer's reply reached his friends at home; I am not sure that his official sternness would not for a passing moment relax."



The Awakening of Anthony Weir

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN,"
"IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

Anthony is much struck with a wonderful contralto voice which charmed the congregation during the services of his first Sunday. The singer was Miss Adela Butler, niece of Alderman Butler, the senior deacon, and was said to be an heiress in her own right. Mr. Wembly, a distiller, had already been attracted by her, and on her account had presented a fine organ to the church.

Anthony now gets rooms of his own. His landlady is a Roman Catholic, and the only other lodger is a curate, Mr. Colvin, who lives on a pound a week and gives away the rest of his stipend.

The doctor finds Anthony somewhat run down, and advises a change. The deacons give Anthony three months' leave, and Mr. Bilstone, the auctioneer, invites him to accompany him to Nice. When at Nice he visits Monte Carlo, and is greatly fascinated by the sight of the roulette-tables. At last he is on the point of yielding to the temptation to play, when he sees a young fellow rise from a table in despair and attempt to shoot himself. This checks Anthony's infatuation.

Soon after his return to Workingham, he asks Adela Butler to marry him. She thinks she does not love him sufficiently, and asks him to wait a while.

Hugh Colvin goes on a holiday visit to a fishing-village near Sanlogan, and there accidentally meets with Phillis Day, of whom he has never heard Anthony Weir speak. She introduces him to Anthony's father and mother. Hugh sees that Phillis no longer cares for Anthony.

Paul Vincent, Anthony Weir's assistant, asks Rachel Luke to be his wife, though her uncle and aunt want him to marry their eldest daughter Jane. Mr. Luke calls on Paul Vincent and threatens to drive him out of the town if he does not make it up with his daughter.

In the early spring, Adela Butler writes to Anthony Weir, accepting his offer of marriage.

Paul Vincent accepts a call to the little town of Humbleton, and is married to Rachel Luke, to the indignation of her uncle and aunt.

CHAPTER XXX.—TOWARD THE DAWN

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

THE first stage in Anthony Weir's awakening was when he received Adela Butler's letter accepting his offer of marriage; the second was when he went to Humbleton to preach Paul Vincent's ordination sermon. Not that he enjoyed the preaching particularly, for the congregation was not large, neither did the slow-moving people of Humbleton appear to be greatly impressed by his eloquent and rounded periods.

But two days spent in the little manse with Paul and Rachel were a revelation to him in many ways. He never realised so fully before how rich people might be without wealth, nor how many things there were in the world that people could do without and be perfectly happy without them. The manse was little more than a cottage, and what furniture there was in it was of the simplest kind; but day by

day the young people kept adding to their treasures, now an ornament for the "drawing-room" mantelpiece, now a bit of china for Rachel's bamboo cabinet, now a print to hang on the walls.

On the day of Anthony's arrival, Rachel had completed a cushion which she had made for the drawing-room sofa, and to watch them arranging it so that it might show to the best advantage seemed to Anthony almost like a benediction.

He wanted some quiet corner so that he might sit and watch the happy lovers—this big, strong, shy man and his sweet-eyed gentle wife. He could not help noticing how much happier Rachel looked than when she lived in Workingham. The weary, anxious expression that sometimes came into her eyes had entirely disappeared. The apprehensive movement had gone. She had found her rest and her heart's desire.

"My linnet can sing now," Paul said to Anthony, as they sat up late in Paul's study smoking.

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"So I have discovered," Anthony replied.

"They would have broken her heart, I verily believe," Paul added almost bitterly. "She is not of those who grow hard under harsh treatment. But, bless her, she is happy now."

"There's no doubt about that, and, judging by appearances, you are not very miserable."

"Miserable! I tell you what, I'm half afraid sometimes that I'm too happy. It is just paradise. Rachel and I have not a wish apart from each other. And besides, I can work now."

"But you could work before, as well as I remember."

"Yes, after a fashion, but—well, I cannot put it into words; it is something that cannot be told. Is it the new atmosphere that is created? I know not. I hear her sing as she moves about down-stairs, and I am up here alone, and new thoughts come to me fresh and wonderful. I sit worrying over a sentence, and she steals into the room without speaking and lays her soft hand on my forehead, or stoops and kisses me, and the tangle becomes straight in a moment. I go out of an afternoon for a smoke under the big chestnut in the garden yonder, and I watch her through the window and fling kisses to her and think how beautiful she is, and how good God has been in leading me to her, and sometimes, when she is not busy, she comes and sits on a hassock and lays her head against my knee, and we talk of the past, ay, and of the future—ay, man, it is wonderful, there is no other word that will express it."

"But suppose you had married Miss Luke instead of Rachel?" Anthony questioned.

Paul's face darkened in a moment. "No, no," he said, "that could not be. That would have been wickedness. I see it now, though I did not see it once. Marriage is a sacrament, and only love can sanctify it. To marry without love is to commit a crime."

Anthony winced and for a moment was silent, then he answered, "Love is good, no doubt, but unfortunately it won't pay rent, nor buy food, nor satisfy the tax-collector."

"No, but it will inspire you to furnish the wherewithal. And if you can earn enough to provide for your daily wants, what more can you require? Do you think Rachel pines for her aunt's gaudy drawing-room, or for the latest bonnets from Paris?"

I tell you if she had only a sun-bonnet she would be happy."

"But everybody is not like Rachel," Anthony answered.

"That is so," Paul replied with a broad grin. "Some people might find it slow down here and lonely. But, bless you, we are never lonely, and we never find it dull or slow. Rachel often goes with me on my visits, and sometimes we see something that we would like for the house, and then we count up our money to see if we can afford it, and if we cannot, why we plan little economies 'until we can. Why, bless you, that is the only way you can prize things when you do get them."

"Perhaps it is," Anthony answered reflectively, and then he thought how different his view of life had always been.

The following forenoon he sat under the chestnut-tree in the garden and dreamed. Paul had letters to write, and Rachel was busy with her household duties.

This was the place he had nearly come to, and missed by the narrowest chance. Was it a lucky chance? Was it what men called a providence? That was a question he could not answer. If he had come, how different would have been his life! He would have asked Phillis to come with him. Phillis, whom he had always loved, whom he loved still, whom he had sacrificed for gold and social position.

Rachel came through the open window and looked at him, and he tried to imagine that she was Phillis. It was not very difficult. They were not unlike each other. It was not difficult to imagine that he was fresh from college, and that he had brought his young wife with him. How pretty she was standing there in the morning sunshine! How her hair shone in the clear amber light! How proud he was to call her his! Ah! life was a beautiful thing after all. Beautiful when illumined and glorified by love.

Then Paul appeared on the scene having finished his letters, and he caught the girl in his arms and kissed her, and her big brown eyes looked unutterable love into his.

Anthony caught his breath and shivered. The dream was a reality, but the reality was not for him.

It was late in the afternoon when he got back to Workingham, and the streets were hot and close and dusty. He felt very depressed as he threaded his way

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through the crowd to his lodgings. Slowly and almost imperceptibly he was awakening to the fact that his life hitherto had been a mistake, because the motive that lay at the back of it had been wrong. He had imbibed his father's doctrine of getting on, and it had blighted and corroded everything.

He had no joy in his work, for the novelty and excitement of preaching to crowds had passed away, and he had never realised yet that burning passion and conviction which made St. Paul say, "But woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Nor was that all. His preaching was no longer a novelty in Workingham. The congregations were still good, but there was no longer the crush there had been. He was gradually finding his level. The passion of conviction that alone could give greatness to his preaching was still absent. Also he was slowly opening his eyes to the fact that social position was a very poor substitute for love. For a while, dinners and receptions and at-homes had been as the breath of life to him. The rich appointments of big houses had quite

captivated his fancy. The jargon of Workingham's upper ten had been as music in his ears. But as with other things, the novelty had begun to wear away, and the emptiness of it all was coming into sight. He had seen the common deal when the veneer had been worn away, and it was worm-eaten and rotten. He had looked beneath the gilt and had found the commonest clay.

Down in his heart he was beginning to



RACHEL CAME THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

despise the snobbery that for the most part favoured Cambridge Park. It was common and vulgar and detestable, and he was beginning to despise himself, for he was about the worst snob of all.

For several weeks nothing of importance happened. Anthony went to see Adela regularly twice a week, but they made no pretence of loving each other. It was settled that they should be married in the following spring. And Anthony was already on the look-out for a suitable house.

Dick Wembly heard the announcement and smiled sardonically. "When they are married rivers will run up-hill," he said to himself, but outwardly he kept very friendly with both.

Anthony saw little of Hugh Colvin; the curate was always so busy that he had very little time for gossip. Neither had they much in common with each other, for they looked at life from different stand-points. So the summer wore on and harvest-time came, and Cambridge Park transported itself to the sea-side. Anthony was at Scarborough with the Butlers, when he got a letter from his father saying that his mother was seriously ill, and urging him to come home at once.

He packed his bag in a few minutes and caught the next train. Next to Phillis Day he loved his mother better than anything else on earth, and a great fear stole into his heart that she was being taken from him.

It was a long journey to Sanlogan, and he had to spend a night on the road, and when he reached his mother's side, he was dusty and tired and spent. Yet he had no thought of weariness; the sight of his mother's wasted face drew everything else from his mind.

"My boy," she said, looking at him wistfully, and resting her wasted hand on his. "I am glad you have come. I have hungered to see you once more before I died."

"You are not going to die yet," he said with forced cheerfulness. "You have many years of life before you."

"Yes, Anthony, in heaven; I shall soon be there, and when I see God, what shall I tell Him about you?"

"Say nothing about me, mother, He knows all."

"Yes, He knows," she answered, closing her eyes. "And yet— Ah, Anthony, it was a great joy to me when you became

a minister, and I have rejoiced in your popularity and have been proud of your success. But oh, my boy, forgive me for saying so, I have never been quite satisfied."

"I know it, mother. I have known it all along."

"And you have never tried to satisfy me."

"I could not, mother."

"Could not? Could not?" she questioned, opening her eyes and looking fixedly at him.

"No, mother. I might try to deceive myself, but I never had the courage to try to deceive you."

"But you have preached for the love of it?" she questioned, "and because the burden of souls has lain upon your heart? You have been as a prophet rebuking the sins of the people, and calling upon them to repent? You have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God?"

"The ministry is my profession, mother, and I have preached as well as I knew how. I fear I have been no prophet. I have been rather a priest, saying pleasant things and feasting at the tables of the rich. The world wants no prophet in these days. Rebukes are not tolerated."

"No, no, my son, the prophet is always needed."

"He may be needed, mother, but the world will not tolerate him."

"But the Church will," she answered with a pleading look in her eyes; "the Church has always a place for the man who will be faithful."

"It may be so, mother," he answered; "but I very much doubt it. Jerusalem still kills the prophets, and stones those that are sent to her."

"Oh, my son, my son! What are you saying?" she pleaded. "Morning, noon, and night I have prayed for you, that your faith fail not. Prayed that you might be faithful—that you might prove a true witness to the people."

"Ah, mother," he said, "during the last week or two I have had glimpses of what you mean; but no steady vision. Now and then just for a moment, as when the lightning-flash lights up the fields in the dead of night, I have seen what a minister might be, and perhaps ought to be, but the darkness drops down again directly."

She looked at him for a few moments in silence and smiled fondly. He had never said so much to her before,—never opened

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his heart so completely, and it seemed like an answer to her prayer.

"If you will wait upon God, Anthony," she said at length, "you will get the open vision."

"But I should have no strength to follow it," he answered. "The Church, as I know it, is a compromise between the lusts of the world and the teachings of Jesus Christ. It does not lead the world, it follows it.

It does not ask for truth, but for platitudes. It likes its ears tickled with pleasant sounds. It will quarrel over the embroidery on a pulpit-cushion, over the number of 'Amens' to be said or chanted, over the relative value of plates or bags for taking up collections. But on questions of social, political, or national righteousness it is discreetly non-committal."

"My son, my son! Why blame others for doing what you do yourself? If you—a leader in name—are content to follow, why complain that others do the same? Your work is to lead."

"In theory no doubt, but it does not work out very



HIS EYES DID NOT DECEIVE HIM

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well in practice. We are hirelings paid so much money for preaching so many sermons."

"No, no, you are watchmen set upon the walls of Zion, to warn the people of danger, to preach to them repentance when they go astray."

"Ah, mother," he answered after a long interval of silence, "if I could see this constantly as you do, I might be a better man."

"You will see it yet," she answered, a smile lighting up her pale wrinkled face. "I know God will answer my prayer. Now leave me for awhile, for you must need rest and sleep."

He did not go to his room, however, and lie down as she expected he would. He was too excited for that. He was passing through a greater crisis in his life than he knew. Slowly—very slowly—he was awakening to the true meaning and responsibility of life. Bit by bit he was realising that he had started wrong, that his conception of life, and particularly of the ministry, had been a false one from the very beginning. To save his life had been his great aim, and he was not sure that even now he had not lost it. He had gone too far in a certain direction ever to turn back. He could never undo what he had already done.

After a wash and some refreshment he went out into the garden to talk to his father, then he went to the mill and had a chat with Stephen, and then he walked across the little valley in the direction of Beaver Bank.

The country was infinitely quiet and restful. No sound broke the stillness save the splashing of the water over the mill-wheel, and the occasional quacking of a duck down on the edge of the mere. The memory of his boyhood and youth came back to him with strange vividness and intensity. Life was better in anticipation than in reality. He had realised more than the wildest dreams of his youth had ever pictured, and yet the sense of satisfaction was more remote than ever.

As he neared Beaver Bank he paused. Should he call and see Phillis? Would not the sight of her sweet pure face intensify the hunger that was eternally gnawing at his heart? It might. He would have to run the risk. To be so near Phillis and not look upon her face would be worse agony still.

He reached the gate at length, and laid his hand upon the latch, then he paused suddenly, arrested by a low ripple of happy laughter.

"That is Phillis," he said to himself, and this unexpected evidence of her happiness struck a strange chill to his heart.

Then he heard another voice, a man's voice; a deep musical voice that sounded strangely familiar, and yet he was unable to localise it.

The next moment a low suppressed groan escaped his lips, and he drew back in the shadow of the hedge.

There could be no mistake. His eyes did not deceive him. He was wide-awake, and yet what he saw was as the bitterness of death to him.

Walking up and down the wide sunny garden were Hugh Colvin and Phillis Day, not as strangers, but as lovers. Phillis was leaning on his arm, and he could see the love-light in her eyes as she looked up into his face.

"She has forgotten me: forgotten me," he moaned, and he turned away and strolled slowly in the direction of Logan Mere.

That day registered another stage in Anthony's awakening.

CHAPTER XXXI.—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"How hardly man the lesson learns
To smile and bless the hand that spurns."

WE feel only one thing at a time. Fear will banish pain. Terror will put grief out of the house and bolt the door. Anthony forgot his mother. The new sensation banished the old. He could think only of one thing. To everything else he was oblivious.

There was no one word that would describe this new sensation. It was partly anger, partly hatred, partly jealousy, partly humiliation. He had never dreamed of Phillis loving some one else. He had pictured her becoming a pathetic figure, remaining loyal to him through all the years; cherishing the sweet romance of her maidenhood, even into the chill years of decay. But that she could forget him—cast the memory of him aside as she could throw aside last year's gown or bonnet, and let her life run out into new channels of love and happiness—was a thought that had never crossed his mind. He felt humbled to the very dust. He was not the important individual he had imagined

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himself to be. Phillis was quite independent of him.

Far down the mere-side, he climbed on a big moss-green rock, where he and Phillis had often sat in the sweet years of their childhood; and tried to sort out his sensations and label them. He knew he was in a most unreasonable and unchristian temper. He hated Hugh Colvin, and regretted most sincerely that he was unable to hate Phillis also. Could he have done so, his pain would have been short-lived.

For the last two years and more he had tried his hardest to conquer his love for that gentle companion of his early years, but he hardly realised till now how utterly he had failed. At best his passion had only slept; the sight of her face had stirred all the old love and longing, and the discovery that she had given her love to another was oil thrown upon the flames.

Then the bitter and agonising thought swept over him that he was only reaping what he had sown. That he had deliberately lived and planned for the very thing that had come to pass.

"No, no; I did not expect this," he said to himself, as a tempest of passion tore him. "How could I expect such a result? I could be content to see her living out her life here, in quiet tranquillity. But to see her the wife of another, that is too bitter, too bitter!"

He saw after awhile how utterly selfish such a thought was, and he grew a little ashamed of himself, but the shame was not great enough to conquer his jealousy and pride.

He returned by the other side of the mere so that he might not have to pass Beaver Bank again, and for the rest of the day refused to see any one but his father and mother.

On the following morning, however, Hugh Colvin, hearing that he had arrived, came across to see him.

Anthony received him without warmth, which Hugh attributed to his grief.

"You would be rather surprised to find me here?" Hugh questioned with a smile.

"Well, yes; 'rather surprised' fairly well expresses it," Anthony answered stiffly.

"I meant to have told you I was coming, but you have kept yourself so much out of the way lately," Hugh said slowly. "Moreover, you have never seemed disposed to talk about Sanlogan."

"I did not see what interest you could have in the place," Anthony said ungraciously.

"Well, you see, that is just where you made the mistake. I had a great interest in it, and shall always have."

"Indeed?"

"I wandered into it last year, almost by accident. I think now that it was a kind providence that directed my steps."

"I know providence is a favourite doctrine of yours." Anthony laughed cynically.

"And not without reason," was the answer. "I have been led by a way that I knew not. My life from the beginning has not been of my own contriving."

"And if it had?" Anthony questioned.

"Possibly it would have been richer in gold, and poorer in all else that makes life truly rich."

"I commend your choice——"

"What have you heard?" Hugh interrupted eagerly.

"I have heard nothing. What do you mean?" Anthony asked in hard tones.

"I wanted to be the first to tell you," Hugh said with a smile. "Your old companion and play-fellow has promised to be my wife."

"You mean Phillis Day?"

"Yes! Won't you congratulate me?"

"I saw you walking together in the garden yesterday, and guessed that there might be some revelation in store," Anthony said evasively. His heart felt too sore and too bitter to allow him to offer congratulation.

"I wonder you did not steal her before I had a chance to look in," Hugh said with a laugh.

Anthony bit his lips, and a hard look came in his eyes, then he answered—"I thought you believed that Providence arranges these things for us."

"I stand rebuked, Weir, but I must leave you now. I hope your mother is no worse."

"No; on the whole she seems brighter this morning."

They parted on the door-step, and Anthony stood bare-headed in the morning sunshine and watched Colvin descend the steep path, and walk with quick eager steps across the narrow valley in the direction of Beaver Bank. Lifting his eyes he saw the flutter of a dress among the trees, and a minute or two later, soft as a zephyr, came the low ripple of happy girlish laughter.

"I have been a fool, a blind unreasonable

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fool," Anthony muttered to himself. "But I was never worthy of her; God meant her for a better man."

Meanwhile Hugh and Phillis were walking away down the mere-side together. It was summer-time with them, and they were making the most of it. They sometimes wondered if such happiness as theirs could possibly last.

"I told Weir that I wondered he did not steal you before I had a chance to look in."

Phyllis laughed in her bright girlish way. "Anthony and I were never intended for each other," she said; and she looked confidently up into her lover's eyes.

"That is true, darling," he answered. "You were meant for me."

She did not reply, but he read her answer in her soft brown eyes.

Anthony kept out of the way of the lovers. He had a ready and reasonable excuse. For a day or two his mother rallied, then the tide of her life began to ebb again, and it soon became evident that there was no more flow.

Anthony spent most of his time by her side. She liked to have him near her. He was the stranger. Stephen was always at home. As the days passed away he opened his heart more freely to her than he had ever done before. It was a relief to have some one he could confide in, for he was humbled and broken and sad of heart. She questioned him closely on many things, and he did not resent her questions. She was dying, and if he confided his secrets to her, they would soon pass with her into the great silence and be forgotten.

He did not hide from her that he was passing through the fire of great tribulation—that he was paying the penalty, not of unconscious mistakes, but of deliberate foolishness.

"It is God's school, Anthony," she said with a pathetic smile. "You will be wiser and better and happier—ay, happier later on."

"I am not deserving of happiness," he said humbly, "but I may be useful."

"The Captain of our Salvation," she added, "was made perfect through suffering."

Gregory Weir never came to listen to those confidences. He had never quite understood his wife. He had loved her in his own brusque way and had been kind to her according to his own notions of kindness, but they had lived on different planes.

They saw life and the world through different eyes. The one sought to fill his pockets with gold, the other to weave into the texture of her life the threads of patience and meekness and charity.

As the days passed away she grew perceptibly weaker, and she was able to talk less and less, but her smile grew in sweetness, and into her eyes came a light that seemed scarcely of earth.

She never mentioned Phillis's name to Anthony. She knew that that was a sealed book. Phillis had told her so. For nearly a year she had been failing, and she needed no doctor to tell her that her days were numbered. Phillis went across to see her nearly every day, for she had always been as a mother to the motherless girl, and in the stillness of those shadowed days they had had long earnest talks together.

It was long before Anthony sent word of his engagement to Adela Butler that Phillis had told her that she and Anthony could never be man and wife.

"But why, Phillis, why?" Mrs. Weir had asked in astonishment.

"Because we have grown older, dear, and know each other better," Phillis answered.

"But I am sure he is fond of you," was the reply. "I am quite sure of it, and oh, I have so hoped and prayed that I might see you my daughter indeed before I died."

"It is best that some of our prayers should not be answered," Phillis answered with a smile.

"But why best, Phillis? You like Anthony. You have grown up together, and we have looked upon it for so long as a settled thing."

"Oh, yes, I like Anthony, and I think he likes me in a brotherly way, but that is all. Of course if—if—well, if things had been different, why—why—then things might have been different. There, isn't that a sage remark?" and Phillis laughed at the obvious truism.

But Mrs. Weir was in no humour for mirth. "What do you mean by things being different, Phillis?" she asked.

"Well, dear, if I had been different, or Anthony had been different, or circumstances had been different. You see it is a very big question."

"You are only evading my question," was the grave answer.

"No, dear, I do not think I am. So many things are involved, you see."

"Then let me narrow it down to one

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issue. If Anthony were to ask you to be his wife, would you consent?"

"No, dear, not now," Phillis answered promptly and frankly.

"That is what I wanted to get at, Phillis. You do not care for Anthony?"

"Oh, yes, I like him as a friend, but I could not be his wife."

"But you would not have said that a year ago, Phillis?"

"Perhaps not. It is difficult to say. I fancy I see Anthony with somewhat different eyes to-day."

"You think he has changed?"

"Perhaps the change is in me. It is so difficult to riddle out these things."

"I want you to be perfectly frank with me, Phillis."

"Well, dear, I will. To be quite candid, I don't admire Anthony as I used to do. I had a good deal of reverence for him once; I have none now. The fault may be all in me, and through some defect in me I may unwittingly magnify all his faults and minimise his virtues, but the fact is there, the old Anthony that I used to admire as a girl is gone. The present Anthony is calculating and worldly wise——"

"But I am sure he is very fond of you."

"If he is, then that only shows that my view is correct. He is ambitious for social position. He will marry a rich wife some day if he can find her."

"And break his heart in doing it."

"No, I don't think so. I am not sure that Anthony has much heart left to break."

"You are hard on him, dear."

"I do not wish to be, but let us not allude to the matter again. If I ever had a childish fancy for Anthony it is dead and buried, and I have no regrets. I would not resurrect it if I could."

"I am very sorry," and Mrs. Weir closed her eyes and sighed.

"No, you should not be sorry, you should be glad. It would have been the greatest mistake in the world if by any chance Anthony and I had drifted into an engagement with each other."

"I am sure you would have made him very happy."

"I don't think so, but in any case he would have made me very miserable, so let it rest at that."

Mrs. Weir sighed again, and was silent. Phillis had seen the change in Anthony as she had seen it, and it had killed her early

regard for him, and a broken pitcher cannot be repaired.

After that the subject was never alluded to, and in the spring had come the news of Anthony's engagement "to a fine lady up the country" as the Sanlogan folk expressed it, so there was a double reason now for avoiding all allusion to the matter.

Mrs. Weir watched the spring growing into summer with a sad pathetic light in her eyes. She knew it was the last summer she would ever see on earth. She did not talk much to her husband; he did not understand her. Now and then she talked to Stephen, who understood her better, but in the main she watched the world slipping away from her in pathetic silence. Sometimes she thought of the future, and pictured the old mill-wheel splashing round to its own music, and the mere shimmering in the light of the unchanging sun, and the moaning sea breaking upon the bar in tireless monotony, and the hills and woods growing green in the spring-time—but a new generation to hear and see.

"Ah, it is very wonderful," she would say to herself. "The mill will remain, and the mere, and the great sea, and the beautiful woods, and I shall not be here. I shall be in the dust, asleep, asleep."

When Anthony came home Phillis saw less of her. She had less time, for Hugh Colvin had come down as he had promised a fortnight previously, and something very beautiful had happened, though the manner of it could not be very well put into words.

Anthony was very thankful that his mother made no mention of Phillis Day, yet she saw deeper than he knew. She understood what was the bitterest drop in his cup of tribulation. He had made mistakes, he had looked at life from the wrong standpoint, he had been chasing rainbows in the hope of finding a crock of gold. All this he had told her, and though he had not mentioned the name of Phillis, she knew Phillis no longer cared for him; but it was clear enough that he loved her still, even though he was going to marry another.

Strangely enough she had no pity for him, or if she pitied him at all it was swallowed up and lost in a totally different feeling. She saw that his suffering was doing him good, that it was gradually opening his eyes to the true meaning and purpose of life, that it was slowly breaking down his pride and selfishness, and leading him by

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imperceptible stages to higher planes of being.

For the first few days after his return Anthony and Phillis never came face to face, but one day she came into his mother's room when he was there. She greeted him without embarrassment, and if she saw his heightened colour she did not appear to see. After that they met frequently.

His mental note was that she had greatly improved, her figure was more rounded, her manner more easy and graceful, her smile more winning.

"She is handsomer than Adela," he said to himself, "and a thousand times more lovable."

Perhaps it was well for him that the shadow rapidly deepened over his early home, for the coming bereavement turned away his thoughts from the awful shipwreck he had made of his love.

The end came quite suddenly and unexpectedly—as it usually does, though we may have long waited its coming.

"Now I will sleep a little," she said to Anthony after one of her long serious talks with him—the longest talk she had had for several days, and turning on her side she closed her eyes.

The nurse thought she had fallen asleep, and so indeed she had. No one heard the angel come, there was not a tremor on the still autumn air. She went away without a sigh or a sound. There was no opening or shutting of doors, no footfall treading softly on the stairs, no sense of movement anywhere.

As silently as the morning star melts into the light of heaven this gentle spirit passed out into the new day.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE GREAT SHADOW

"I walked in darkness till sorrow joined me.
Then morning broke."

THE Midland express was speeding northward through the darkness of a starless night. Anthony Weir, having seen his mother laid to rest in the quiet bosom of the earth, was returning to Workingham to pick up again the broken threads of his interrupted work. He was in a very subdued mood, for the events of the last year had led him to much introspection and searching of heart.

During the earlier part of the journey he had tried to divert his thoughts from painful subjects by reading the newspapers, but

when daylight gave place to gaslight reading became a difficulty, and he was glad to vary the monotony by discussing the weather with a farmer or stock-jobber who, on this stage of the journey, was his sole companion. But even the weather and its vagaries is not an exhaustless topic, and after awhile silence fell, and Anthony stretched himself full length on the seat and closed his eyes.

The train sped on at a fairly even pace of about forty miles an hour. The night darkened rapidly, and a drizzle of rain came on. Anthony tightened his rug about his legs and settled himself a little more comfortably; he was still nearly two hours from Workingham.

The lights of wayside stations gleamed and flashed for a moment as they sped through, but the big red engine never slackened her speed. On and on and on, while the clouds sank lower and the rain became more persistent.

Anthony tried to sleep, but sleep rarely comes with trying. If he could have put his thoughts under lock and key the angel of sleep might have had a chance. He had left Hugh Colvin behind him. Hugh was remaining another week, and an all too vivid fancy kept picturing the happy lovers wandering hand-in-hand on the banks of the mere, or sitting under the verandah at Beaver Bank.

He had fought many a battle in a more or less feeble-hearted way, but this was the hardest battle he had ever been called upon to fight. He had had many painful thoughts during the last few months, but the most painful of all was the thought of Phillis Day giving her kisses to Hugh Colvin.

He wondered if he could ever grow reconciled to it. At present the idea was as wormwood and gall to him, and the more he thought about it the more hateful it grew.

Suddenly the engine gave a fierce and hideous scream, the brakes grated on the wheels. There was a momentary slackening of pace, then with a horrible shock and wrench the carriage reared like a frightened horse, fell sideways with a crash, leaped again, twisted, telescoped like a pricked concertina, then lay still.

It was all so sudden that Anthony had not even time to rise from his seat, and now he was unable to do so. His travelling companion was lying across him, but quite still. He was wedged in on every side by broken pieces of wood and twisted iron. His left shoulder appeared to be in a gin.

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"YOU BEFRIENDED ME AT MONTE CARLO"

Something warm was soaking through his clothes to his side. He reached out his right hand and quietly drew it back again. He knew instinctively that it was blood.

He called to his companion, but there was no response; he touched his face, it was already growing cold. Meanwhile from every side of him rose cries and groans,

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with now and then a muttered curse. The darkness was intense, the sense of confusion was appalling. He tried to move, but he could not have been more tightly wedged had he been in his coffin. His shoulder also was becoming terribly painful.

Somewhere above him, or below him, or behind him—he could not tell which—he heard voices, rising above the screams and groans of the wounded and frightened men and women and children, giving orders for this to be done and that. He tried to call for help, but the head of his companion lay upon his chest, and his voice scarcely seemed to rise above a whisper.

Then another sound could be heard, there could be no mistaking it. The wrecked train had caught fire. He could distinctly hear the roaring of the flames and the crackling of the wood. Would help, he wondered, never reach him? Ah, some one was throwing water on the flames, he could hear the hiss as the two elements met, but a moment later the flames roared again.

It seemed horrible to lie there and be slowly roasted to death, and he made another desperate attempt to move, but the dead might as well attempt to get out of the grave. From sounds he heard he knew that rescuing hands were at work, but they never seemed to come near where he lay. He called and called with all the strength he could command, but there was never an answering voice. For some reason he and his companion were forsaken, buried too deeply perhaps beneath the wreckage to be easily reached.

He spoke again to his companion, but there was no reply, then he touched his face a second time, and the touch sent a shudder through his frame—the man was dead, and his clothes were being saturated with his blood.

The situation to a courageous man would have been sufficiently distressing, but to Anthony it was too horrible to be put into words. With all his remaining strength he shrieked again, "Help, Help!" at the same time struggling in vain to lift the dead man from his chest.

Meanwhile the roar of the fire was becoming louder and louder, and a suffocating reek of smoke was pervading everything. It was not difficult to believe that the rescuing party was working with might and main, but the accident had happened two miles away even from a village, and helping hands as yet were very few. All that could

be done was being done, but that all was all too little.

It seemed hours to Anthony since the collision took place, and he gave himself up for lost. It was the first time in his life that he had ever seriously faced death, and he was appalled. The thought of dying frightened him. He felt that he was not ready for the change. His life hitherto had been no proper preparation for it.

He had played at living, played at preaching, played at being a Christian, and now death had found him out and unmasked him. He had been sincere at nothing except serving his own ends. With all his outward success he had been only a trifler. He had trifled with God and with human souls. He had turned spiritual things to commercial account. He had used the ministry chiefly and deliberately as the stepping-stone to social position. He had traded on the weakness and vanities of men and women. He had pandered to the customs and follies and even vices of his age. He had courted the rich and influential, he had placed expediency before righteousness.

He tried to shut out this vision of the past, but it would not be shut out. Like a swiftly-moving panorama, all his life seemed to pass before him.

He fancied at length that the dead man was speaking to him in a strange unearthly whisper.

"You have never preached," said the voice. "You have not even tried. You have prated pleasantly and pointlessly, tickling the ears with pleasant sounds, and counting the applause of men your greatest reward. But you have never preached. You have never asked, 'what is truth?' but 'what will please my congregation?' The Church is dying of formalism, and you have been quite content that it should die; the nation is steeped in vice, and you have lifted up no warning voice. Greed and avarice and drunkenness and lust are everywhere rampant, and you have spoken with bated breath, lest some pewholder should take offence. No despised cause have you ever championed, no forlorn hope have you ever led. No scorned ideal ever won your help or sympathy. You have gone with the crowd, shouted with the majority, and always backed the winning side. You have faced no problem fearlessly lest you should have convictions, and convictions you have accounted inconvenient things. You have

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left the judgment-day out of your account. Now you go to be judged—”

The voice seemed to die away in a more deeply solemn whisper, but he fancied the dead man had raised his head and was staring at him with cold glassy eyes.

“Now you go to be judged,” the voice repeated slowly and solemnly; “you go to face the consequences of your neglect; to reap the reward of your doings in the place—”

“Oh, merciful God, let me live,” he struggled to say. “Give me another chance. Give me—give me—”

His lips moved, but there was a great silence about him which could be felt. Had the fire burnt itself out? Had all the rescuers left? Everything had grown strangely still. Consciousness left him entirely.

A few minutes later the pain in his shoulder brought him back in some measure to a sense of his surroundings. He fancied he was in his grave, that dead people lay below him, above him, on either side of him, the smell of decay was all about him, steeping his senses, numbing every faculty, filling him with an unspeakable horror.

He began to wonder how long he had been dead, how long he had lain in the grave, and when the resurrection would come. He had fancied that there was peace in the grave, and forgetfulness—but it wasn't so, there was no forgetfulness anywhere. He was waiting for the judgment.

He tried to pray again; but no words came. Ah, he was falling asleep at last.

* * * * *

When he recovered consciousness again, he found himself in bed in a strange, large room, which he quickly decided was a hospital of some kind.

A moment later a nurse was bending over him.

“Am I much hurt?” he questioned in a voice that sounded strangely feeble.

“I hope not,” was the reply. “Your left shoulder was dislocated, and you are a good deal bruised, but I hope there is nothing worse than that.”

“I do not remember being brought here.”

“No; you were quite unconscious; but I will let the doctor know that you have come to yourself again.”

He remained in the hospital nearly a week, and then he was able to journey on

to Workingham. But it was not a wasted week by any means. If his thoughts were not always pleasant, they were at least profitable. He was reaching by painful stages a higher and nobler plane of life.

One pleasant experience he had while he lay in the hospital. He was thinking—with eyes closed—with what a new sense of the greatness and responsibility of his work he would enter the pulpit of Martyr Gate again—when a visitor was announced.

He looked up with a start, and encountered the steadfast gaze of a pleasant-faced young fellow, who stood erect by his bedside.

“You do not remember me?” the stranger said.

“I do not remember your name, though your face seems familiar.”

“My name is George Barnby.”

“Barnby?”

“You befriended me at Monte Carlo.”

In a moment their hands were clasped.

“I lost your card,” Barnby went on, “and could not think of your address, and was even in doubt about your name. But two days ago I read an account of the railway accident, and saw your name among the list of wounded who had been taken to this hospital. I felt sure it must be you, and travelled down from London last night to see for myself.”

“And you are well?”

“I was never better in my life.”

“And your mother?”

“She is well also, and what is more, she is happy. She does not know what a narrow squeak I had, and I think I shall never tell her now. She knows of course that I lost all I had, and that you lent me money to come home. She will be delighted that I have found you. I have the money in my pocket for you.”

Anthony closed his eyes to hide the tears that came suddenly into them, and in his heart he thanked God that at least one good deed could be laid to his account.

Barnby stayed a full hour, and before he left he made Anthony promise that when he came to London again he would call and see him and his mother.

Anthony lay very still during the rest of that day, and for the most part with closed eyes. He had begun to see new possibilities in life; new meanings in old truths. Truly his eyes had been opened.

A great crowd met him at the station when he returned to Workingham, among the rest being Alderman Butler, who insisted

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on taking him at once to Cambridge Park. Adela met him at the door with a peculiarly tender light in her eyes, and he leaned upon her arm when he walked into the house. Kind little Mrs. Butler laughed and cried by turns, and seemed hardly to know how to make enough of him.

The Alderman in his grave way was almost tenderly solicitous, while Adela was more demonstrative than he had ever known her before.

As usual she had dressed herself with perfect taste, and he wondered if it was for his sake she had arrayed herself so beautifully.

"You expected that I should come here, Adela?" he questioned.

"Yes, Anthony."

"I am glad to come," and he looked at her with pleased eyes.

She followed the direction of his glance and then said, "Do you like my new gown, Anthony?—I put it on to-day for your sake."

His heart warmed toward her in a moment. "I like it very much, dear. I think I never saw you look so well."

Then she allowed him to kiss her again, and they sat for awhile side by side in silence.

"Perhaps we shall learn to love each other yet, as we ought to do," he reflected. "Perhaps we shall be happy together," and a long sigh escaped his lips.

"Are you not happy, Anthony?" she questioned tenderly.

"Far happier, dear, than I deserve," he answered. "But I have suffered much lately."

"My poor boy, I know you have," and she raised her white hand and brushed the hair back from his temples.

"I can never forget what I have passed through," he went on. "I feel years and years older than when I left you."

"It has been a great shock to you, but I will help you to get over it. You will be none the worse in a few weeks."

"I hope I shall be all the better. We learn our best lessons in suffering, and perhaps we never see life truly till we are face to face with death."

"How grave you are, Anthony!"

"Am I, dear?"

"I do not wonder at it, of course. But you must put unpleasant thoughts aside and be yourself again. You will be more popular than ever now."

"Popularity is a poor thing, Adela. I hope I may be more useful."

She looked at him wonderingly. There was a new tone in his voice, an emphasis that she had never noticed before.

There was a great crowd to welcome him on his first appearance in the pulpit.

He was still very pale, and carried his left arm in a sling. The sight of so many people almost unnerved him, and the tears came into his eyes in spite of himself. He used to feel elated when a sea of upturned faces greeted him; now he felt humbled, the burden of his responsibility seemed greater than he could bear.

As he proceeded with his sermon people wondered what had happened to him; the easy ringing periods, the polished rhetoric, the glowing perorations that used to characterise his preaching had disappeared. He no longer declaimed in vague generalities, he talked earnestly, and with such simple directness that a number of people became uncomfortable. He seemed to be revealing the secrets of their life to the gaze of the whole congregation, and they resented it.

Mrs. Luke looked first at Jane and then at Jessie, and frowned terribly. "I do declare," she whispered to the latter, "it is worse than the preaching of that Vincent."

Mr. Bilstone fidgeted, and wondered if the shock of the collision had affected his brain.

Alderman Butler leaned forward in his pew, his eyes sparkling, and his face beaming. At last had come the note of conviction that he had waited for so long.

The Hyphen-Joneses sat bolt upright and stared, thinking that the minister had taken his evening's sermon for the morning, or had fallen back on an exhortation that he had prepared for the Mission.

Little Tim Jonas, the cobbler, wanted to shout, and had he been in a less fashionable place he would have done so.

To very many, however, the sermon was a disappointment. It was too serious, too heart-searching, too self-revealing. Mrs. Luke declared that it was almost personal, and hoped that Mr. Weir would soon get over the shock of the accident or it would be a bad look-out for Martyr Gate.

"People do not go to church to be made to feel uncomfortable," she declared. "He talked to us as though we were no better than the Pharisees who crucified Christ."

"And do you think we are?" Jessie asked flippantly.

But Mrs. Luke felt too indignant to reply.

(To be continued.)

Negro Letters

*How the semi-civilised negro on the West Coast of Africa
conducts his commerce with England*

With reduced fac-simile letters, etc.

Messrs *Salt Pond* 27/1/1900.
To *Thomson & Aquah*

Street London.
Sir.

Your name is known to me by some merchant at Salt Pond. And I was very glad when he recommended you to me that you are the best musical instrument of every description in London. But I should like you to consign me your catalogue; samples with the price list to select what will be to my choice and send them together with my first office money order. I hope that you will not fail to send me the articles mentioned, and also few of your address envelopes. I remain
A Merry Christmas, you truly
Thomson & Aquah

LETTER NO. 1

"OF all the varied letters which we daily receive, undoubtedly the most curious and amusing, to say the least of it, are those which are sent us by the negroes on the West Coast of Africa."

So said the head of one of our largest manufacturing firms engaged in a branch of the clothing trade, a few weeks ago to the writer.

"Do you really mean to tell me that the negroes themselves write to you asking for goods?" I asked.

"Most assuredly," was the prompt reply. "Not a week goes by without our receiving half-a-dozen or so communications, some very comical, others the usual style of business letters."

"And do you reply?"

"In some few cases. You see we are wholesale manufacturers, and do not supply the retail, and these men are only private individuals. In most cases all they want is our illustrated catalogue, and an almanac; in many cases they go so far as to ask for samples, but as in our line samples are whole goods and wearable, of course we cannot send them. Here is a letter received lately. This is the general style:

80 Bolohum St. James Town Accra
9th April 1900

Dear Sir

Having heard your recommendation and to which I am very anxious to carry on business with you, I will be glad, if you will send me one of your list, which contain the kinds of goods you have, so as to choose what I prefer in it.

P.S. Kindly send me your almanac for 1900.

Yours faithfully
J B LAMPREY

From *Salt Pond*
Quamin Baidoo 12th January 1900
To *Limited.*
Street
London.

Dear Sir

Having seen your name and address from a certain book regarding that you are the best manufacturers in the city of London, as we are new merchant in the town of Salt Pond, so we beg to ask your favour to try the best you can and send us through samples, so that we may see and select some to order mixed city, Bank of England hope that you will not fail in doing so we are raising your reply. A such pauling deemed
Quamin Baidoo yours faithfully
Thousand Street Salt Pond.

LETTER NO. 2

Negro Letters

E. J. M. O'Brien
 James Town
 Alaska

Dear Sir:
 Having heard
 of your name by some of your customers
 hear that you are the best merchant of
 all imports goods, I therefore beseech
 to request your price list, its soon as
 I will receipt it from you I shall
 send you post of office order as
 quick as possible. Therefore endeavor
 your very best and send it by the same
 steamer. Please our don't fail to do
 so. I am waiting for your early reply.

I remain,
 yours obedient -
 E. J. M. O'Brien

Yours
 Please send me
 your catalogue

W. J. G.

C/o Chas. David Amman
 Seattle Wash.

LETTER NO. 3

"But we have received others far more curious, as I will show you. In such cases we sent the desired catalogue with a letter saying that orders for £5 and up could be executed on receipt of remittance first. Of course we got no orders."

"Do you mean to say you get no orders at all?" I asked, surprised.

"A few for five shillings, some others £1 or £2, seldom more. Some time ago I took this very batch of letters to a merchant-client of ours here in London, asking him if he would like the business, as I knew he traded on the Gold Coast—but he politely refused it, saying it was so very small that it would be profitless."

I thanked my informant for all he had told me, and as his time was valuable I left him, armed with a pile of these negro letters to read over at leisure.

Then the thought struck me to inquire of other firms, and the result was just the same.

"What, do we receive letters from the negroes on the West Coast of Africa?" said one. "Rather. I wish we didn't, except they cause us a merry laugh now and again, and that is something to be thankful for as a break in the dull monotony of business life."

In answer to my request to be allowed to reproduce a few of the letters which his firm had received, the manager gave me a large bundle. "Here, take them and welcome," he said, "we have no further use for them."

And the same result was the outcome of my visit to three other large manufacturing

firms, and the best of the many letters are reproduced herewith.

Our first two letters are nearly seven years old, two of the earliest in my collection. They hail from Salt Pond, both of them, and both arrived in London by the same mail and were received by the same firm of manufacturers (whose name for many reasons is omitted), on the 9th February, 1894. They are an excellent example of dozens of other such letters, and are reproduced together to show the great similarity in the writing, especially in the headings. In No. 1 you will notice that the "firm" writing the letter, head their paper with "*Messrs.* Koomson and Acquah, signing the letter in exactly the same manner, whilst the firm to whom it was addressed is without any prefix, "Mr." or "*Messrs.*" at all. In No. 2 this is slightly better, and it is a superior letter altogether. The similarity of the writing is accounted for by the fact that undoubtedly the same missionary taught both of these negroes to write—for all this education must be ascribed to the efforts of the missionaries and none other. There is a similarity, too, in the general idea conveyed in the letters, and a curious point in both is the using of the singular pronoun "I" in

Acera 15th June 1900

Gentlemen

Having heard the goodness of your things and the hospitalities towards your traders to my satisfaction, I take up my pen, in order that I may go on trading with you. But before doing so kindly let me have your catalogue for my selection. Hope you may dispatch it as quick as possible as you can. I conclude to say, May good health and prosperity be for ever your own

I remain
Dear Gentlemen
Yours sincerely
Prince Macab A. Tackey

LETTER NO. 4

Negro Letters

James Town
Accra
18/6/00

Dear Sir,

Having heard
your recommendation
that you are the best and
ablest manufacturer; I
took the immaturity to trans-
act business with you. I
herewith beg most humbly
to forward me your illust-
rated price list & catalogue
envelopes & order forms.

I hope failing not to forward
by the first mail available.
The intent is being made
only awaiting for your
Catalogue

"Homo sum; humani nihil
a me alienum puto"
Compliments to you

LETTER NO. 5

I am
yours very truly
Charles Burton

the case of a firm writing the letter (No. 1), whilst where the letter is written from a one man firm the writer uses "we." Now for an examination of both these letters: No. 1. The writer begins by saying how "some merchant at Salt Pond" had recommended the firm to him as being "the best musical instruments of very description in London."

There is something strikingly funny about this, not only in a firm being described as musical instruments, but that the firm is not even engaged in such a trade, they being manufacturers of an article of clothing. How they came to be associated with the musical trade in the minds of Messrs. Koomson and Acquah is a mystery.

The reader will note also the stumbling-

block "very" for "every"—a mistake in spelling very often made by our children at home.

Although "samples" are clearly asked for in this letter, we cannot think that either of the two partners desired to receive a sample piano, trombone, or brass drum, but that an illustrated catalogue was required.

The finish of the letter will be sure to raise a smile. "I remain a Merry Christmas, Yours truly, Messrs. Koomson and Acquah."

Turning to No. 2 we find the letter opens in the same eulogistic strain—a kind of "soft sawder," indeed throughout the whole series the various manufacturers will be found to be "the best in the city of London." Evidently Mr. Quamin Baidoo is a very great man in Salt Pond, since he wants to see samples "so that we may . . . order miversel city, Bank of England." Whether a "city" or the Bank of England is required is not clear, and for that reason no doubt the order was never executed. In the end we are told that the writer is "vaifing your repey," which is evidently "awaiting your reply," and a correct translation of "A such paulinefor deemed" would much oblige the writer of this article.

No. 3 letter comes from James Town, Accra. Note once again the terms of high praise in which the firm, whose name did not appear on the letter, is addressed. Again, it is a third party who has divulged the honoured name—we can well imagine how it happened.

Sambo No. 1 has learned to write, and he sits upon a barrel outside his hut with pen, ink, and paper, often only a scrap, as was the original of No. 3, which was written on a small irregular piece of foolscap

Dear Sir, I have the honour
most respectfully to draw your fa-
vourable attention that I have seen your
name in a certain list recommending
you very highly that you are the best
manufacturers in the city of London.
I therefore beg most respectfully to ask
your favour to by all your best and
send me samples of cotton goods silk
handkerchiefs & woollen goods &c &c
and send me catalogue and price-
list I am as I am now comm-

LETTER NO. 6

Negro Letters

paper. After much laborious writing the letter is ready and posted, with much heartburning no doubt at having to part with two-pence half-penny for the postage. (Now that the postage has been reduced to a penny the letters are no doubt more indiscriminately written.) In due course, about a month generally, the merchant or manufacturer, as the case may be, receives the letter, and in a weak moment dispatches the requested catalogue, and at length Sambo No. 1 receives it.

"Where you get that pretty pictures?" asks Sambo No. 2, to whom No. 1 Sambo in his great delight has shown the book.

"From Massa Johnson in London," replies Sambo No. 1.

"Did you write?" asks Sambo No. 2.

"Yah—me write," is the reply.

"Then me write too to Massa Johnson."

And so Sambo No. 2 writes his letter, commencing with—"Having heard your name," "Your name is known to me," or "By a friend, information I have heard that you are general manufacture in the City of London and on this purpose I have opportunity and much of pleasure to informing you that you may try to send me one copy of your catalogue per first mail steamer" (this is a genuine extract).

But to return to No. 3, note the pathetic appeal of "Please sir don't fail to do so," and in the finish to the letter, the "servant" in the left-hand corner right out in the cold. Below the signature, as if to impress us with his importance, Mr E J M Obobie gives his address, care of the chief, one Daniel Annan.

From a "chief" to a "prince" is not a very far cry, and so for our next negro letter we reproduce one from "Prince Micah A Tackey" (No. 4).

The striking feature about this letter is its neatness and the general uniformity of the writing, which, however, should not be surprising, for did not a "prince" write it! Note again the praise bestowed on the goods manufactured by the firm and their manner of dealing "hospitably" with their traders.

The courtesy of this prince living at Accra, coupled with the high tone of his letter, is only rivalled by No. 5, a letter from a mere commoner this time, dated from Accra on the same day as the previous letter.

"I took the immunity to transact business with you." How is that for style?

Then look at the Latin quotation at the end—evidently Mr. Charles Turton's motto. Had he ever heard of "self-praise is no recommendation"? I wonder.

Sept 12th
1910

Pademba Rd
No 49 Grafton
La. Leone

Dear Sir—having the desire of connecting my self with your list. I desire myself to be one of your customers I went to a gentleman's house. He showed me your list, but without price so therefore I wish to send you the number of what I want. Look at page I of 977 Look at page 7 of that football & George Yachting.

LETTER NO. 7

"Compliments to you" is distinctly continental in its style.

We have had a few queer endings to letters, here are some more:

From Kwittah, Gold Coast. "With my best regard to you and all."

From Accra. "With Kings will regard we am dear Gentlemans."

From Axim. "Hoping you and your wife are well." This was actually written to a large limited company!

We have had an example of a firm being called a musical instrument (No. 1), here in No. 6 we have "you are the best manufactory." Here in the beginning of the letter we have a fine example worthy of being included in *Everybody's Polite*

I remain
Your affectionate
Servant
Samuel W. Johnson
Pademba Rd
No 49

LETTER NO. 8

Negro Letters

12 June 1900 *Obesra*
Master Town forshire street

*"London now
 I am velly glad to see you that
 I want you to send me
 to send me Catalogue & price list
 then I selected what I want in your
 Catalogue I mean what I want
 please try & send it onl with out
 delay at all I am ready for you for
 the remittand when send me the
 Catalogue; with things will regard
 me. or. dear. sir
 yours faithfully.
 J. J. Hammond.*

LETTER NO. 9

Letter-Writer :

"I have the honour most respectfully to draw your favourable attention," or, in No. 7, "Having the desire of connecting myself with your list I desire myself to be one of your customers."

This letter, received only lately by one of the firms already referred to, comes from Sierra Leone, and as mentioned previously in connection with Nos. 1 and 2, you can see how it was the letter came to be written. "I went to a gentleman's house. He showed me your list." We can just imagine the "gentleman" who penned this letter calling on a "gentleman" friend of his who had been the happy recipient of an illustrated catalogue!

The pathetic appeals to "Look at page 1 of 977. Look at page 7 of that football and serge yachting," are very striking and continue over two pages. The signature and ending to the letter are no less striking, and we have included them in the sections of the letter produced herewith. The signature "Samuel O. Johnson A" may require some explanation. These negroes adopt names to their liking, but there being so many who chose the names Johnson and Samuel, a letter of the alphabet has to be tacked to the name for the sake of identification.

It is gratifying to note that, taken as a whole, the letters are not badly written, that is, as regards the penmanship, and this reflects great credit on the untiring energies of the missionaries. No. 4 has been cited as the best written letter of several hundreds; No. 9 is decidedly the worst.

That the writer is "velly glad" would lead you to suppose he was a native of China, whilst the additional h's in several words would signify his Irish descent.

We will conclude this article with one of the longest and funniest letters which have passed through our hands. The whole is too long for reproduction, but we give an exact reproduction of the final lines to the letter.

*to call our port. and if the steamer call my port
 you will see I am the shiper*

LETTER NO. 10

*Samuel
 Jos M. Morey
 c/o J B Rirah*

43 & 71 Mowotu Town Attuaboe

6 October 1890

Having been very strongly recommended to us. You are one of the good firms than some of these Bogus firms at Liverpool therefore I am here wishing you to send me articles of your many articles that can be Illustrated in a list to send me one of your list per post and assorted samples of cotton shouls and many many articles which I am unable to mention. But you will see which I will returned a grant shipment of produce. Please send me address Envelopes I am a reply. I expect your you will not fail of doing so. If you do my request you will see a great business with you. I am trying for clients to you. Owing to your good name. I have got a monkey skins and if the market is good to sell the monkey skins then you may write me as soon as possible. I was almost to ship you. But we can get the steamer at all we expect SS Axim to call our port, and if the steamer call my port you will see I am the shiper.

I am, Yours

Jos M. B. Morey
 c/o J B Rirah.

WALTER DEXTER.

755

Daftie

BY JAMES SUTHERLAND WILSON

PART III.—DISCOVERIES



TWELVE months had quickly flown since Alexander, the adopted son of the Pilkingtons, and lieutenant in the — Regiment, set sail to fight for his country in South Africa. In no other case could the truth of Wordsworth's saying, "The child is father of the man," have been more clearly shown. Courage, alertness, sympathy—all the qualities which, as those who have taken the trouble to read the first chapter of this history will remember, proved so characteristic of the boy, were accentuated in his new surroundings. The papers had been full of his praises for more than one heroic exploit. A story of no common interest might be told, introducing incidents and adventures which he had experienced during these twelve eventful months. But

HE STOOD THERE FOR SOME TIME LOOKING DOWN AT THE DESERTED GRAVE

as they do not concern the present narrative, all temptation to relate them must be avoided.

Whilst the young hero is on his way back to England's shores, to be loved and fêted by countless friends, it is necessary to return to the Scottish hamlet, where in lowlier surroundings his early days had been spent; where, too, events were being enacted of a different, though none the less historic character, so far as the future career of the brave lieutenant was concerned.

On a Sunday evening in the late autumn of the present year, the villagers of Netherbrae, as is the custom in country districts, where the distance between farms renders social intercourse at other times impossible, were loitering about outside the church, indulging in their customary gossip before the last nervous clang of the little bell warned them that the service was about to commence.

Pipes would then be put out, peppermint lozenges would be distributed among the children to keep them quiet during the sermon, and slowly, in groups, the men and boys bare-headed, the rustics of the congregation would enter the sacred precincts, and make themselves as comfortable as possible in the straight-backed pews.

On the evening in question, the bell was ringing as lustily as the old beadle, somewhat overcome by the heat, could make it. The day had been like one in midsummer, and now in a blue-grey sky, tinged with opal, and breaking up into an archipelago of golden islets, the great red sun was sinking over the purple fir-crowned hills.

Some of the men, among them worthy Maister Alison, the owner of the red-roofed mill down in the valley, were sitting on the flat, moss-covered tombstones. The finger of old Father Time had drawn deep lines on many of their honest faces, even as it had left its impress on the undecipherable stones.

Others were standing on the gravel paths of the graveyard under weeping willows, or leaning against the low wall which surrounded this last resting-place of man. An occasional thrush in its leafy fastness heralded the dying day by a subdued outburst of song. A peacock cried from a gamekeeper's cottage close by. The sound of a distant goods train travelled to the listener's ears. Save these noises and the voices of the congregation, the evening was peaceful and still. The conversation was

not altogether, in fact not at all, of a spiritual turn. The miller's party was discussing the price of flour and the agricultural outlook generally. Mr. MacAllister, the village schoolmaster, led an animated discussion on the Secondary Education Bill, in which he was left eventually sole speaker. Marbles interested the boys; the superiority, as a sweetmeat, of brandy-balls to peppermints—the girls. Fair maidens criticised their lovers, and the elder women their neighbours, and their neighbours' Sunday frocks. All had a certain eloquence—especially the women. It may not have been exactly the conversation one is accustomed to hear in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia or Mayfair. But, on coming to analyse it, there was very little difference after all. The "cut, thrust, and parry" of the skilful fencer was as apparent here as there. Only, the weapon used by the rustics was of an inferior temper. In lieu of the smooth, sharp blade of polished speech, they had to make use of the rusty, more unwieldy broadsword of their home-spun mother wit.

Suddenly the click of a latch on a side gate caused all eyes to turn in that direction. A tall, well-dressed man with grey hair, a sallow complexion, and frightened, sunken eyes, made his way slowly up the churchyard path, and, unconscious of the fact that all eyes were upon him, did not pause till he came to a quiet corner, where over a mound of earth stood a rude, wooden cross, on which were engraved these words, barely legible—

IN MEMORY OF ELEANOR MACDOUGAL,
who died November 9th, 1885.

With hat in hand he stood there for some time looking down at the deserted grave, which no wreaths nor flowers adorned, and, as he turned to enter the church, a great sob that burst from him revealed the depth of his passionate sorrow for this departed soul.

For a moment an absolute silence reigned outside amongst the elder members of the congregation. Not all at once could they recover from the state of surprise into which the appearance of this stranger had thrown them. A new face always roused the curiosity of these villagers. But the behaviour of this new-comer had been unusual, very unusual indeed. However, the tongues, let loose again, were soon wagging with more energy and persistency than ever.

Daftie

All manner of wild hypotheses were indulged in with regard to the man's identity.

"Did ye no' see what he did?" asked one woman.

"Ay, fine!" responded another, the blacksmith's wife.

"To think that after a' thae years——! Imp'h'm! I always thocht she were a weel-connekit wumman, used tae mair artistic society than us common folk could gi'e her."

A little girl, about ten years of age, at the speaker's side was listening intently.

"But, of coorse, you wimmen dinna ken the story. Ye werena bidin' here at that time. I didna think o' that."

"Is it tae the puir widdy wi' the bairn ye're referrin', Mistress MacTurk?" asked the cobbler's wife.

"Ay, ay! Sic a fine, sonsie body she wis tae."

"I've heerd Mistress MacAllister sayin' summat aince. But I dinna mind the particulars."

"Weel, I'll jist tell ye in a few words, afore the bell stops ringin', what I kent o' Mistress MacDougal an' her wee laddie."

The others, younger women mostly and not so many years resident in Netherbrae, gathered closer in the hope of solving the mystery which seemed to connect the tall stranger with the woman who lay in the—till that night—unheeded grave.

"Eh!" said Mrs. MacTurk, with a sigh, producing a pocket-handkerchief and a bottle of smelling-salts, for which she thought there might be use before she had gone far. "Mony a time hae I looked at the bit cross ower her grave, an' thocht——"

"Ower wha's grave, mither?" queried the little miss of ten, with a profusion of fuzzy red hair, and resplendent in a pink muslin dress with an expansive purple sash.

"Haud yer tongue, lassie, and dinna fash yersel' aboot things ye couldna understand. Gang ower there tae Maggie Burnet, an' speir if she minds the text this mornin'. Stop that greetin', an' keep yer dirty, sticky fingers off my frock, lassie. Gang awa' noo, there's a guid bairn, an' leave us alane."

When the little miss of ten had retired, sulky, after this admonition, the previous speaker resumed,—but not exactly where she had left off.

"Eh! Sic a thrawin' bairn as that is.

Ye've no idea o' the trouble she's been tae me. Weel, I declare! Jist look at her! Jessie! . . . Jessie MacTurk! Stop pullin' Maggie Burnet's hair this minute, ye ill-conditioned wee thing! or I'll gi'e it ye, when we get hame frae the kirk. . . . The wee wretch!" she added, turning to the meek, but impatient cobbler's wife. "I'm sure it isna frae me the huzzy learns thae cantankerous ways. An' it's no frae her faither. For a mair easy-owsy, guid-natured body than my gudeman, Hamish MacTurk, couldna be found in the three kingdoms, although I says it wha shouldna. . . . Eh, I mind fine the day—it seems like yestre'en—when Hamish said tae me, 'Jeanie, lass, div ye lo'e me?' An' I said, 'Eh, Hamish, div I no'?' Hech! I wis a weel-faured *quean* (girl) when I wis *your* age, Elspeth Spence, wi' no end o' admirers amang the young men." She crossed her hands in a satisfied manner, and drew herself to her full height.

Her eyes rolled proudly, till at length they paused and scrutinised the cobbler's wife, whose face flashed back an angry volley, for there were rumours, some of which had reached even *her* ears, that previous to her marriage with Jonas Gregg, that worthy had almost succumbed, owing to a disappointment in love—the object of his veneration being this same blacksmith's wife. Be these rumours trustworthy or not, irritability of temper, dearth of honeyed words, and general acridness of disposition had rendered the conjugal happiness of the ill-assorted pair a somewhat unknown quantity. Little villages have their tragedies of human passions and disappointed hopes as well as mighty towns. In fact, the elemental nature is more conspicuous there, and gives the student of human life and character more objects for his serious observation.

For a moment, unseen by the rest, this optic artillery flashed and thundered betwixt the opposing forces. But eventually Mrs. Gregg retired beaten from the field, for she was a poor, weak-minded body, and could not show much fight.

The victor was doubtless brought back to a recollection of what should have been the real subject of conversation by a glimpse of the pocket-handkerchief and the scent-bottle inside it.

"Phat wis I agoin' tae tell ye aboot? Oo, ay! Aboot the puir widdy wumman, as we called her, and the bairn. . . . Weel, as I wis sayin'——"

But what she *was* saying, or what she was going to say, had to remain merely matter for conjecture. For just at that moment the tongue of the little bell, weary, it seemed, of such persistent and strenuous vocal opposition, gave a last vicious clang, and then was silent for another week. In another instant the graveyard was deserted, but not before a cordial invitation had been extended to several to come round after the service to Mrs. MacTurk's for a dish of tea and a friendly "crack." This worthy lady dearly loved to gather people round her, who might listen whilst she talked. She is not singular—there are others.

For the next hour and a half, especially during the forty minutes of the sermon preached by the Rev. Erasmus Pauline (the aged minister whom all respected both for his kindness and his sincerity), the eyes of half of the congregation were riveted on a pew under the gallery. There, in a particularly dark corner, sat the most attentive, though, in his heart, the saddest member in the congregation.

Who was he? What had been his relation to her? Was he husband? Brother? Lover? Why had he stayed away so long? Why had he not looked after the boy? These and a host of other questions kept clamouring in vain for answers throughout the forty minutes between the preacher's *Firstly and Lastly*. The text was chosen from sundry verses in the tenth chapter of the Book of Proverbs: "*A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.*" "*He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.*" "*He that walketh uprightly walketh surely: but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.*" "*The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it.*"

It was a very good sermon, well delivered, for Mr. Pauline was one of the most eloquent of the old school of preachers.

When the benediction had been pronounced, and the congregation were silently going out into the night, the tall stranger raised his pale face for an instant, and gazed at the aged pastor who remained seated in the pulpit.

A smile of gratitude for the kind words which had been addressed to him seemed to lighten up his dark, sad eyes. "Surely I have seen that face before!" Mr. Pauline said, at the moment, to himself. "Car: it

have been in these parts, I wonder, or when I was prison chaplain at Darkton, or both? At any rate it seems familiar. Its refinement and melancholy would strike one at once."

But the proud head had once more sunk on the man's breast, and his countenance was no longer visible, as he made his way down the carpeted aisle to the church door.

There, a small cluster of villagers was congregated. Amongst them were Sandy Todd, the baker and general provisioner of the place, Jim Blakeley, a labourer on a neighbouring farm, and Mr. Alison, the miller. They wanted to have another good look at the stranger. Their expectations were more than gratified, for he approached them, and, in an exceedingly courteous manner wishing them good-evening, requested to be directed to the mill. The miller in person stepped forward, and introduced himself.

"Ah, Mr. Alison. This is most fortunate. You are the very man whom I particularly wanted to see. I walked over the hills from the neighbouring market town this afternoon, and on making certain inquiries was told to come to you for fuller particulars. If you are now disengaged, I should be pleased if you would favour me with a little of your time."

The miller was more than willing; he was delighted. So, wishing the others good-night, and leaving them to wonder more than ever, the two men made their way down the hill to the path beside the river, which brought them, after they had walked half-a-mile, to the mill.

The stranger's first question showed that he had no desire to beat about the bush.

"You remember, Mr. Alison, a certain lady, by name Eleanor MacDougal, who came to live in Netherbrae some sixteen or eighteen years ago?"

"Ay, fine, sir. And a very nice lady she was too!"

"She died in the year 1885. Is that not so?"

"Quite true, sir. Had it not been for me, I dare say there would have been no money to bury her. For people here don't take easily to strangers, especially women."

"Do not be afraid, Mr. Alison. I have heard somewhat of your considerate behaviour in the past, and you shall be well rewarded at my hands."

"There is no occasion for that, sir," said

Daftie

the miller, who, worthy man, thought the other suspected him of sordid motives in making the above confession. "The pleasure of doing it to the—the—lady was more reward than I deserved."

"Well, we shall not discuss that matter further in the meantime. For the present, then, allow me to proceed. At her death Mrs. MacDougal left a child, a boy of about five or six years of age, called Alexander. Is that not so?"

"It is, sir. The lads in the village nicknamed him 'Daftie,' but why, I could never properly see. The name was a misnomer completely. He was no more daft than you or I, as time has shown. But I dare say his position, and the idea common with most folks that his father must have been—that is—er—should have—leastways, that is to say—" Mr. Alison, feeling that somehow or other he had put his foot in it, was manifestly confused.

"Speak out," said the stranger. "Don't be afraid."

But Mr. Alison still displayed an unwillingness to continue.

"Mr. Alison, proceed, I command you," said the other, in a voice which it would have been foolish to disobey.

"Well, sir, if I must speak out, people hereabouts said that either the father was a villain who had deserted an innocent girl, leaving her to endure her shame alone; or else, if he had married her, he must have been a miserable fellow (supposing him alive, which was the common belief, as some folks said that whiles they heard a man's voice inside her cottage), a downright despicable fellow never to come forward and help with her maintenance and the child's."

"The voice of the people was, in a way, right. But don't you think, Mr. Alison, they were rather too severe? Suppose there were reasons, strong, though inexplicable reasons, why the husband—for she *was* married, I can assure you of that—should never come, *could* never come to see her."

"Did you know the husband, sir?" asked the miller, looking sideways at his companion.

"I did," was the response.

"What sort of a man then was he, sir? Was he a good man? *Could* he have been a good man to have acted as he did?"

"When I said that I knew him, Mr. Alison,

it might have been more correct had I said that I thought I knew him, but was never quite sure. He was a man with a really fine, noble nature—but weak, self-willed, passionate. By many years the elder of two brothers, he had been spoiled and petted as a boy. When he grew up, temptations sprang up in his path, and he was not strong enough to resist them. From idleness he slipped into sin, and from sin into crime, for which the punishment was in his case—it was remarked at the time—unusually severe. The wife who loved him, whose love he cherished more than any other thing in life, stayed by him, went into hiding for him, shielded him from justice for months. But all in vain. One dark night he was captured, tried, and condemned to many, many years of penal servitude. Be sure thy sin will find thee out, Mr. Alison. Remember these words, and sin not. For the punishment is death, or death in life to the soul. Perhaps in another world the wrong will be righted. But God knows in this world I have had suffering enough."

"You, sir!" said the miller in astonishment.

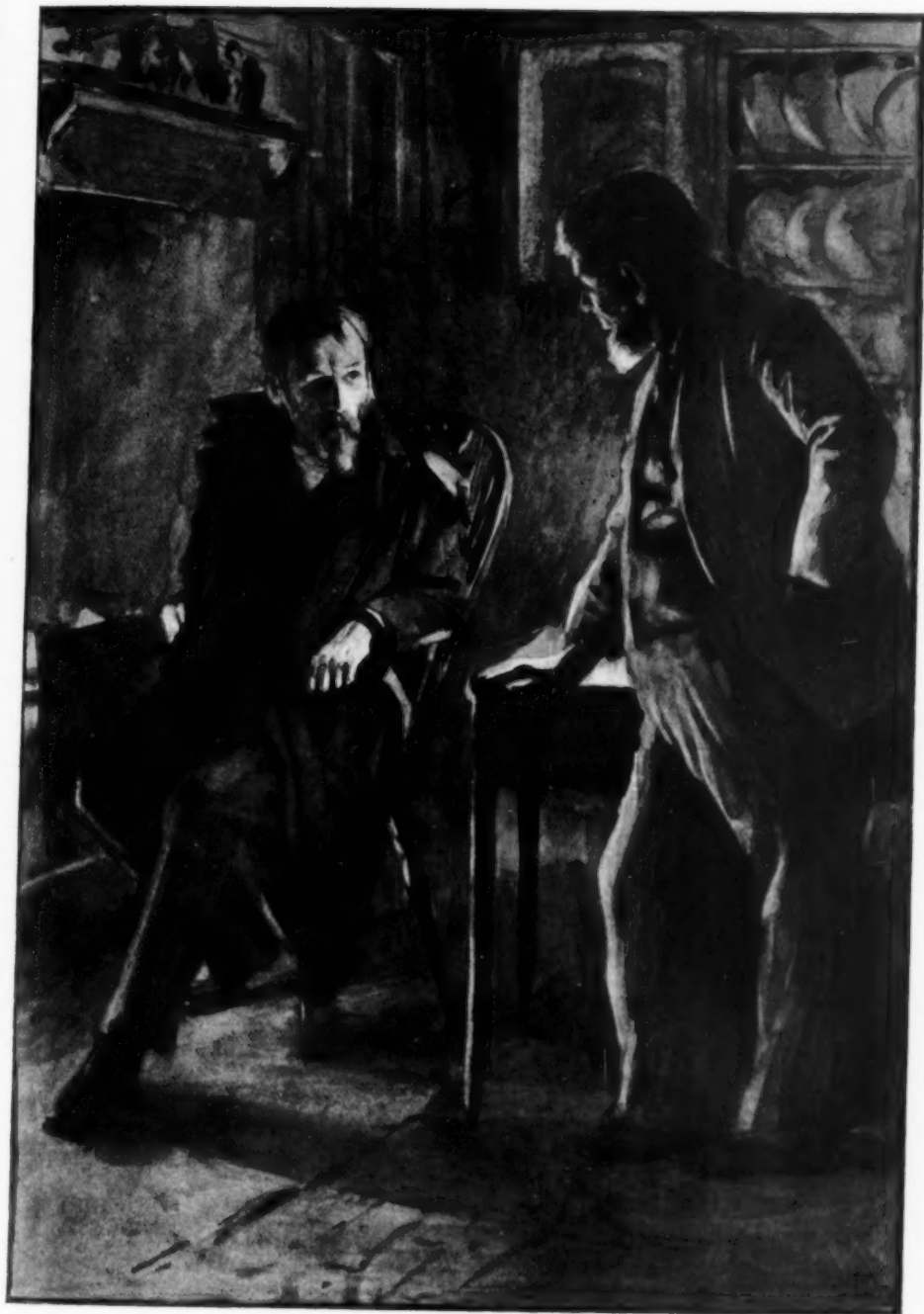
"Yes, Mr. Alison, I! I was the husband of the Eleanor who lies yonder. I am the forger with whom it had fared better had the punishment been death!"

"I am indeed sorry for you, sir! But, just to show that you appreciate my sympathy, sir, I should be honoured if you would take my hand."

Hand clasped hand fervently, and for a moment there was unbroken silence.

"Ah, sir!" said the miller at length. "I can see that you are at heart a true man, deserving of the love of a woman like her who lies in yon churchyard, worthy to be the father of such a man as our Sandy now is. But does it not show ye, sir, how careful people must be, especially in youth, when the animal spirits are high, of every word they utter, of every act they perform, of every thought that flashes through their brain? For, when the devil steals into a man's heart, the consequences are sometimes terrible to think o'."

"Too true, too true—what you have been saying. I can never have my Eleanor back with me again. She, whom I half hoped against hope to see again, is dead, and the best part of me lies with her in the grave. But I still have left to me my boy. So, for the few remaining years that God is willing to spare me, I shall try and do my duty by



"BUT WHAT DOES ALL THIS QUESTIONING MEAN?"

Daftie

him. It was about him I wanted particularly to ask you. What became of my son after his mother's death?"

"By his mother's request, I took the boy to my home by the mill. Here it is, sir; pray step inside the kitchen. My good woman will not be in till rather late to-night."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Here! In this very mill! Is he here now? Oh, do take me to him, my darling boy, at once!"

The poor man had for the time being grown extraordinarily excited. The miller, seeing this, made haste to inform him of the real state of affairs, and said, "No, sir. He is not here now. For seven years he bided in this house, till one summer a young English gentleman, whose family owns now the big house on the hill yonder—I dare say ye saw it as ye came along—saw the boy, took a fancy to him, adopted him, and, after a bit, carried him away south—"

"Carried him away!" exclaimed the other in a voice pregnant with despair, as he sank into a seat by the fire, with his head resting on his long thin hand. "Tell me at once he is dead," the stranger said. "Or, if not dead, that I shall never be permitted to see my boy again!" The tired head, with its massive forehead, sank forward, and tears glistened in the large, frightened eyes.

"Dead, sir! Dead, you say!" exclaimed the miller. "Sandy was never more alive and well, with all his wits about him, than when last I heard of his goings-on in South Africa."

"South Africa! Why, what on earth can he be doing there?"

"Fighting his country's battles, sir, of course—and like a hero too. See here! Look at this, sir!" he added, opening a drawer, and producing a paper which contained a long account of how the brave lieutenant, for a gallant rescue and a skilful manœuvre, had been recommended for the Distinguished Service Order. "Old head on young shoulders, sir! That's it! Ha, ha! Who'd have thought it of Sandy? The strength of a Hercules, the swiftness of an Achilles, and the wisdom of a Solon! I don't remember much about these gentlemen, except the little I picked up from Sandy himself after he took to the books. Mr. MacAllister had latterly to confess that he himself should not care to go in for the same examination as Sandy. That's

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saying a lot, sir, if anything is." The miller was warming to his subject; he was fond of it, and, given the ready listener, could have talked all through the night. The stranger liked to hear and see him.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Alison. How foolish of me for the moment to have forgotten! A war in South Africa! Yes, exactly. Fighting for his country. Just so. You see, men in my position just liberated from fifteen years' imprisonment are not supposed to know much about the outside world."

"Of course not, sir. I should have remembered that." The miller's eyes sought the ground.

"Let me see that paper again, will you? I forgot to look at something."

The miller handed it to him; he opened it carefully, and laid it out upon his knee. A sudden exclamation escaped him.

"What! How is this? How did he come to learn his own name? Pilkington! Who told him he was called that? Eleanor, I know, took the name MacDougal to prevent the risk of discovery by friends or others after she left England, and Sandy, I understood, was to retain the name, lest that of his father should recall the old disgrace."

"His father!" exclaimed Mr. Alison, starting from his seat, in his turn thoroughly astonished. "His father! Do you mean to tell me his father's name—yours—is Pilkington?"

"Of course I do. Are you mad to stare at me like that? Surely, somebody must have discovered the lad's identity. Your own eyes will satisfy you on that point. Look, '*Lieutenant Alexander Pilkington*.'"

"Well—of all the extraordinary coincidences I have ever known or heard of, this beats the lot! Have you a brother, sir?"

"I had once, but cannot tell you if he still lives. I have not yet heard."

"And a father?"

"Yes."

"A retired colonel he is?"

"A colonel he was, but not retired when I saw him last—twenty-one years ago."

"And a mother, sir, the dearest, kindest mother (next to his own of course—as Sandy used to tell me) in the world?"

"Yes, my good sir. She was indeed the best of mothers, although my early follies well-nigh broke her heart. But what does all this questioning mean?"

"It means this, sir, and I'm just getting to the point, if you would only give me time. It means that after seven years spent in this house with me, Sandy was adopted, taken south, sent to a grand school, made a man of—I was almost saying, made a gentleman of. But that was impossible. For Sandy was a gentleman born, not made. Just like the poets, sir. Ha! ha!" The miller burst into a hearty laugh. The idea that he was suddenly growing funny or clever, certainly feeling happier than he had ever done in his life before, was too much for him. He felt he must laugh, he must dance about, he must break a flower-pot, he must do something. "It simply means that the man who was doing all this for Sandy, prompted simply by kindness and love, was *your brother!*"

The miller sank back in his arm-chair to view the result of his disclosure.

"My brother! What, Harold? Has he done this? Without knowing it? Saved my boy (possibly) from misery and life-long poverty?"

"The same, sir. Yes. It was Mr. Harold himself who did it all. He is a brother to be proud of indeed."

"True, true. But I think I should like to be alone for a while. My joy at hearing this is almost too much for me. Never had man cause to feel so proud of a brother as I. God has indeed heard my prayers, and brought light into the darkness of my failing years."

The two men had risen from their chairs, and were standing at the open door. The vast firmament was studded with stars, those fairy lamps which illumine this great world's nightly carnival.

"Thanks for your invitation, Mr. Alison, but I shall enjoy my long walk over the hills on such a night as this. In fact, I feel happier than I ever thought it possible for me to be. I shall write to my brother, and when my son comes home, we shall all meet again at the Hall. Good-night!"

"Good-night! And a pleasant walk, sir!" The miller watched him till his tall figure was lost in the darkness, and the sound of receding footsteps died away. Then he re-entered the kitchen, and sat for an hour in the silence, gazing at the fire.

* * * * *
Two days after these events, Harold, who was expecting the lieutenant to arrive that night, received a letter, the contents of which are herewith given in full.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I dare say your surprise at receiving a letter from one whom you thought long dead is no greater than mine in learning that you have, without knowing it, been the benefactor and adopter of my only son. If any ill-will ever existed between us, it is, of course, not so any more. How shall I ever repay you for your goodness! Only a heart like yours, my brother, could have been prompted to such an act of kindness towards a child for whom the world would have had many a hard blow in store. Such a one left poor, without parents to protect it, and minister to its wants in early years, is like a tiny craft which, drifting from its moorings out to an angry sea, without clever hands to guide it, is in danger, nay, is certain to be swamped or dashed against the sharp rocks, never again to float buoyant on the bosom of the deep. Would that the mother who (wastrel, forger, sinner though I was) clung to me in all my troubles, loved me and shielded me even when the law was on my track, and before justice had meted out its punishment in the shape of long torturing years of penal servitude which were to take me from my darling for ever—would that she, Eleanor, the best and truest of women, were alive now to share in the reported greatness of my son, and to thank you for your share in making him a noble man in God's sight and a hero.

"Thank heaven, the sins of the fathers are not in this case visited upon the children. Thoughtless, unruly, extravagant my youth may have been. But I do not think any one, even my own father, could have said I was a blackguard at heart. I parted from my home in anger; college debts were the principal ground of disagreement, as they have been with many young men. I was self-willed, passionate. I made my way to London, the hiding-place of many weary souls.

"For a time, despite my constitutional repugnance to work, I was fairly successful in business; married Eleanor, whom as you know I loved from boyhood; was tempted to assist a friend out of his financial difficulties, forged a cheque for a large sum of money, and, on being justly accused, dealt my employer a blow which resulted in his death. That was my ruin.

"Speak to my father, Harold. Ask him if he can find it in his heart to forgive me. I am no longer a youth; and time and misery have left their indelible impression upon me. I should like to see my son as soon as he comes home, but dread the moment when I shall have to tell him the story of my life. I should desire to be reconciled to my father and forgiven by my mother, that the last days of a ruined life may be spent in such peace and happiness as one who has gone through the experiences I have is likely to obtain. Farewell for the present, my dear brother. Write to me, or come to me as soon as ever you can. But bring with you my boy. The only thing that kept me alive in all my years of confinement was the vision of the face of a child lying in its cot in a clean, sweet room, and his mother kneeling there, beautiful as one of God's angels, with the moonlight playing on her hair, praying that her son, when he grew up, might not fall into evil courses, as his father had done unthinkingly. I saw them thus once or twice just before I was caught. I used to pay them nightly visits in disguise. That was fifteen years ago, and the little child is now a man.

Daftie

"How strange, how wonderful a thing is this woman's love! What was I that Eleanor should have continued to love me in my disgrace? Ah! shall I ever forget that I was the cause of the best of women dying—away from friends whom she renounced for my sake, away from riches and social rank, under an assumed name—yea, dying of a broken heart! Ah, God! I have much to be forgiven. Farewell, my brother!

"ALEXANDER PILKINGTON."

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What little remains to be told of this simple history may be summed up in a few words. Father and son met each other, for the first time, to all intents and purposes, in their lives. From the distant past, a vision of his father's face seemed to rise before Sandy. Could it be—one hears of such things—that he remembered the face? Surely never was there such love as this son bore for his father, who had been kept from him so long. Sandy's grandfather, too, deemed it best to forgive and forget the past which was dead. Mrs. Pilkington, now grown very old and frail, drew her first-born to her heart, and said that he should leave her no more. Sandy's

father came to live at the Hall. Through time he was the best-loved man in the country-side. He never came much in contact with the villagers. But his story, or what they had heard of it,—for the miller, worthy man, was exceedingly reticent on this point,—had interested them profoundly. The general belief was that he had been wrongly imprisoned, or else that generosity had prompted him to commit a heinous crime. Of Daftie, whom we have conducted to the open portals of manhood, no more need be said than has been said. It rests with the historian of the future to chronicle his further career. His will be the task to tell whether the early promise of youth was fulfilled in maturer years; or whether, for life is full of many illustrious failures, his was to be another added to the long list of names that are "writ in water." The latter seems hardly probable. For the western sky, where the sun is setting, is red—generally a harbinger of fine weather. Bright days seem to lie before him. Let us trust that the forecast be correct, and that no cloud come to darken the horizon of the future.

THE END



A FAMILY GROUP

Prize Photo by Miss R. Smith ('Lelsure Hour' Elsteddfod).

Rabbi Ben Ezra



OCCASIONALLY we catch the accents of a stimulating friend, who greets us with "And how are you getting on with Browning? stiffish study—eh?"

"Meat for men, by no means milk for babes. Yes, I make little out of him."

"Oh, try 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.' That is simple enough."

So our wise man counsels the inquiring mind, in its first inclinings towards the study of the most erudite of modern poets.

Now "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a poem embodying a train of very abstract and closely-linked reasoning. Its subject, the relative values of the impulsiveness of youth and of the calmly critical judgment of age. Moreover, though announced in a tone of great authority, its conclusions are by no means beyond dispute, as we shall see as we proceed to review them.

The general impression that its argument as a whole is as cogent as isolated verses are sublime, is due, perhaps, to the fact of the loftiness of the teaching. "It is because they learn from him that people consider Browning a poet," said one, insensible to the magic music of "the master's" rhythm. What, for example, could be finer than this stanza, summing up the value of trial:

"Then, welcome each rebuff,
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe."

Or that other passage so exquisitely discriminating what is truly valuable in the life-result from that which only appears to be so:

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the
price;

O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in
a trice:

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and
escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
That I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped."

Those who hold by Carlyle's doctrine of work as the be-all and end-all of existence, would do well to weigh carefully the radical distinctions here indicated.

Finest of all, however, is that wonderful declaration with which the poem concludes, of the ultimate purpose of life, as justifying the strangeness of the methods by which it is wrought out:

"Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup;
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's
peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup,
What need'st thou with earth's wheel?"

Such clearly-cut cameos would stand out from any poem as perfect of their kind. But they do not in themselves touch the line of argument by which it is the purpose of the poem to prove the proposition that age attains to certainty in matters about which youth was in perplexity.

"Young, all lay in dispute; being old, I shall
know."

Such knowledge is declared by the Rabbi
(whom we must not confound with Brown-

Rabbi Ben Ezra

ing himself) to be compensation for the loss of youth's dream of the boundless possibilities of life.

There are here two matters doubtful. Is it not generally youth that is dogmatic? The one certainty of age is, that nothing is certain! Age is, indeed, a kind of revising court, that sits to hear appeals from the judgments of the earlier period; but it has not, in place of them, any to pronounce of its own. Patience with uncertainty has been the main gain from the life-experience. Even could he do it, would it be to the old man compensation for the loss of the inexhaustible fulness of earlier years that he should

"Give life its praise or blame"?

Experience is no adequate substitute for inspiration. At life's close to "count o'er its treasures lost" would be, of all occupations, the most saddening. The serenity of later days depends upon the rigorous avoidance of such scrutiny, or comparison of their scant remaining possessions with the limitless abundance of youth. As stimulating to such addition and subtraction, Browning uses one image whose inapplicability seems to amount to bathos:

"For, note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another
day.'"

Anything less suggestive of mathematical processes, or of sharp definition, than the slowly-dying glow of day's departure, it is impossible to conceive. Expanding the mind with its own expansion of glory, it hints at an infinity of hope and gladness beyond the line of the earthly horizon, as the "hills, purple in the evening light, fade, in their distant fulness, into mysteries of promise and love."

One assumption underlying the argument

is, that the vital glow of youth is mainly of the flesh; that the more sober outlook of age is the result of spiritual experience. In youth, the Rabbi argues, in short, "this muddy vesture of decay" doth so "grossly close us in" that we cannot hear the music of the spheres; contrary to Wordsworth, whose contention is, that—

"The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest;
And by the vision splendid,
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

If passion pass away with age, the mind is then more, not less, absorbed with the care of the body, rendered necessary by its growing infirmities. Its claims are, in many cases, less obtrusive in the ardour and impetuosity of unwasted youthful energy.

Throughout, the Rabbi assumes for age a vantage-ground it does not possess.

"So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last."

Who that is "still within this life" is "lifted o'er its strife"? If age be less conscious than youth of the strain upon strength of the demands of daily duties, it has burdens of its own, whose pressure is the heavier for the growing sense of inadequacy of power to sustain it. To be, by bodily infirmity, obliged to stand aside from the stress of the strife, may, to a spirit still vigorous and alert, appear the very acme of hardship.

The truth, as is generally the case, probably lies in a mean between these two extremes. The outgoings of the evening, as well as of the morning, rejoice. So, too, age, as well as youth, has a glory of its own. Amidst the westerling shadows they do well who still look for a fulfilment of the ancient promise: "I will do better to you than at your beginning."

CLARA E. LARTER.



The Life History of a Butterfly

WATCH the insect as it flies; flashing like a gem, it flutters now on this side, now on that, up and down, from right to left; a mazy flight indeed, and one interpreting the gay and merry nature of a life made only for the sunny hour.

Such is the butterfly as known to all: a delicate sun-loving creature, wondrous and beautiful; but to those who have studied the habits, structure, and life history of this frail creature, how much more wondrous and beautiful does it become! To such, from being the mere bright insect, a pretty thing, it rises to become a marvellous organism—a great example of the wonderful and absolute perfection evident in all the works of the Creator.

Yonder flies a female specimen of the "tortoiseshell" butterfly (*Vanessa urticae*), hovering over a clump of stinging-nettles; presently she alights, and, after resting for awhile on one of the broadest leaves, again rises and wings her way along the hedgerow.

Let us approach and examine the leaf which she has just left; we shall probably find upon the under side a minute white speck adhering firmly to the surface of the leaf: this is the egg; and as often as we like to follow her, and examine the nettle clumps she has visited, we shall most likely find eggs deposited upon the under sides of the leaves. It is here that a marvellous instinct in the butterfly shows itself, we have seen how our "tortoiseshell" visits only the common stinging-nettle. Now this plant is that upon which the young larvæ feed, and so in a wonderful way, guided by a higher power, the butterfly passes without notice the choicer blossoms, emitting tempting perfumes and wearing attractive colours, only pausing over so repulsive a plant as the common stinging-nettle.

Again, we have seen that the egg is invariably placed upon the *under* side of the leaf, for the eggs and the newly-hatched larvæ are tempting morsels to very many birds, ever ready to seize and devour them. Moreover, being, as they are, placed upon the under sides of the leaves, they are effectively protected from rain and storm.

Hence the butterfly, endowed with this marvellous instinct, thoroughly fulfils all the conditions necessary for the safety of her offspring. When first laid the egg is covered with a glutinous fluid, causing it to adhere to whatever substance it is laid on, and which, quickly hardening, forms a firm and strong cement. The time taken for the eggs to hatch varies with the temperature.

If very warm, a week or ten days will generally see the minute larvæ crawling slowly out from their shelly coverings, and seeming somewhat dazed at the wide expanse of green on all sides, studded with beautiful columns tapering skyward, and shining as clear crystal, some standing upon ridges which branch away from a central hilly chain, and others rising in valleys formed by the meeting of the slopes from two of these ridges running parallel to one another.

Such is the scene which first greets the eyes of the new-born caterpillar—a world of hills and valleys does it seem to him, but to us it is nothing more than the leaf of a nettle plant, with its veins and stings. Before the egg hatches it changes in colour, as will be known to those of my readers who have kept "silkworms"; they will have noticed how the eggs, from being a beautiful pale yellow, change to an ashen grey prior to the emergence of the larva.

Some naturalists affirm that the first act of the newly-hatched larva is to devour the walls of his late habitat, the empty eggshell. I have never observed this personally, and so cannot say that such is the case.

Ere long the pangs of hunger assert themselves in the infant caterpillar, and the tiny being proceeds to fill his tinier stomach with fresh nettle-leaves, the which are all around and near to hand—the larva being conveniently born on its food, thanks to the wondrous instinct of the parent butterfly.

The manner of feeding adopted by the caterpillar is curious and interesting: crawling to the edge of the leaf, he settles himself firmly by the aid of the powerful clasps arranged down each side of the body; then reaching forward with his head extended as far as is comfortably possible, he begins to

The Life History of a Butterfly

nibble, and, eating downwards and at the same time inwards, by the combination of these two motions forms a curve, the shape of which is known only too well to the lover of garden cultivation.

The beautiful leaves of the rose-tree, with their edges scooped and scalloped, are familiar to all, arousing disgust in the bosom of the horticulturist, but to the entomologist full of interest, as bespeaking the probable presence of the larva of the "vapourer moth" (*Orgyia antiqua*), interesting on account of the form of the female, which is wingless. And so our caterpillar thrives, living but to eat, digest, and sleep; and, having so abundant a supply of food, he takes care to live up to his position. It is, indeed, stated upon good authority that in one month a caterpillar has increased its weight ten thousand times, dating from the hatching of the egg.

We come now to a most wonderful stage in the career of the growing larva.

Let us compare, for a moment, the caterpillar with man—a curious comparison, indeed, but serving well to illustrate my point, which refers to the skin, or outer covering.

The skin of human beings is perpetually being worn away, and as fast renewed by fresh tissues from behind. But that of the caterpillar is very differently designed; for whereas the growth of the human body, for the reason above referred to, is independent of the outer skin, the growth of a caterpillar can only take place by the periodical casting off of the skin for which it has grown too large, and the assuming of a more roomy substitute. At the time of birth, the larva is clothed in a skin many sizes too large for it, and the process is this:

The caterpillar feeds and grows until it has assumed sufficient corpulency to fill out so ill-fitting a covering, and such being the case, there are but these two alternatives. The caterpillar must stop growing or the skin must burst, which latter is indeed the case, and the process is one which I have often watched and wondered at.

For two or three days before about to change his skin, the caterpillar becomes to all appearances ill at ease, and moves as if troubled internally with some painful complaint; taking no food, he crawls aimlessly about, the difficulty of motion increasing as the time draws near. At length he settles himself on a twig or leaf, and, spinning silken threads around his body and about the leaf, thus fastens himself firmly and securely, until he shall have undergone the coming change.

I should have mentioned that in all cases the hindermost pair of claspers are always secured very firmly to the substance upon which the larva is resting—another example of wondrous instinct, the object of which we shall see later.

The caterpillar now rests absolutely motionless unless touched, when a sudden and violent twitching bespeaks evident pain caused by that touch; in a short time changes are visible; the head seems to be thrust forward by a swelling which develops just behind it, beneath the skin; this is the head in its enlarged condition, the apparent head outside now being nothing more than an empty skin.

The old skin becomes dingy and loses its colouring; this will be in about three days after the caterpillar has fastened itself to the leaf, and now is the time to watch intently. Violent exertions are evidently being made by the larva inside his old coat, from the writhing and contortions which are taking place. Alternately stretching and contracting, the larva at length succeeds in cracking the skin along the back; when this takes place he quickly sets the head end of his body free, and then quietly and easily walks out of his old skin, decked in a new and brighter, and having all his parts enlarged to a marvellous extent—the head will often be from two to three times the size it was before the operation.

We now see the object of having the hindermost pair of claspers secured firmly to the leaf; were this not the case the caterpillar would be unable to free himself from the discarded skin, but being, as it is, held back by the silk threads attached to it and the leaf, the caterpillar can pull against it, and so easily rid himself of the encumbrance.

In this change, not only is the outer skin changed, but the linings of all the digestive organs are also given up for new; they are visible as white threads being drawn out of the spiracles, or breathing-holes, which are placed on each side of every segment of the body of the larva.

Free once more, the caterpillar climbs on to the nearest stem, and remains quiescent for a while as if resting after the violent exertions he has just made.

For a time the new skin is moist and tender, but after being exposed to the air it soon hardens, and the caterpillar stands like a new creature, glowing with bright colours, beside his late skin, which hangs, a ghost of

The Life History of a Butterfly

himself, suspended by the silken threads, and swaying mournfully with every motion of the leaf to which it is attached.

As at the time of birth the skin was too large for the newly-hatched larva, so now is this new covering too large again; and the same round of eating, growing, and skin-splitting is gone through some four or five times before the larva becomes a pupa.

At this stage the larva of the butterfly under consideration (*Vanessa urticae*) will be of a yellowish black colour, wearing patches of bright yellow regularly distributed over the body and having two yellowish lines down the middle of the back; the body is also set with rows of sharp spines, and the length of the larva is about two-and-a-half inches.

The next stage in the life history is that of the pupa or *aurelia*, the latter term being derived from the Latin word *aurum* = gold, and the term *aurelia* is given on account of the pupae or chrysalides of some species being covered with patches of burnished gold. I have seen some specimens entirely plated with this gaudy colouring.

The full-fed larva, when about to become a pupa, crawls to some convenient spot, and firmly fastens the tail end of his body with silk threads to whatever it may be resting on (in the natural habitat this is generally the *under side* of a nettle-leaf); having so done he lets himself go, and remains suspended head downwards by the silken threads.

In this position the larva will remain motionless for three days, and during this time considerably changes in appearance, growing dull and losing the bright colouring of the larval coat.

Generally upon the third day of this suspension the change takes place, which is accomplished in much the same way as that of changing skins; except that whereas in the latter case from the old skin emerged the larva clad in a new and brighter, in the present case there appears a soft and smooth-skinned being of a most fantastical shape, and differing almost as much from the larva as the larva from the egg.

The method of discarding the skin is somewhat different to that employed by the larva during the process of "moulting"; for in the latter case the skin was fixed as we have seen, and the larva, free to move, walked out of it.

In the present case, however, the pupa has not the power of locomotion, and so

the skin has to be pushed off, which it is, and in a very curious manner.

Being split at the head and down the back, it is gradually forced back by the pupa, which, elongating its body and again contracting many times in succession, forces the skin back towards the tail.

A singular thing occurs during this change which I have never heard explained and which I have never been able to explain myself.

It is this:

I have said that the larva, when about to become a pupa, suspends itself head downwards by silken threads attached to the tail.

Now these threads must be attached to the outside of the skin, but when the change is complete the pupa still remains suspended head downwards by the same threads, and the old skin drops off and falls away.

How is this?

Perhaps some of my readers may feel enough interest in this point to observe.

Should they be fortunate enough to discover anything, I should be glad if they would communicate with me as to the results, and so enlighten me upon a point of which I have never been able to see the *modus operandi*.

For a day or so after this change the pupa is soft and moist, being of a green colour; it is very active, and twists about in a manner suggestive of anything but comfort in this his new shape.

The green colour gradually darkens and develops into a brownish grey, while in some the golden metallic hues already mentioned are assumed. The outer skin gradually hardens, and soon becomes a firm and shell-like covering.

The time spent in this condition is dependent on temperature and weather.

If in the height of summer, the *imago* or perfect insect will emerge after one week or ten days of pupal existence; but when a larva becomes a pupa in the autumn, the *imago* will not appear until the following spring.

It is possible, however, to "force" the pupa in winter months by placing it in a hothouse, when an abnormal development is started by the warmth, and the butterfly soon puts in an untimely appearance.

An experienced eye can see all the parts of the future butterfly plainly set out in the pupal envelope, directly the caterpillar's skin has been discarded.

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The minute wings may be seen folded down each side of the chrysalis, and between them the legs, most neatly packed together; folded down the outer edge of each wing may be seen the antennæ, while down the middle and forming a straight line from the head to the tip of the wings is the long sucker or proboscis, soon to be the organ by which the butterfly will sip the sweets of many blossoms. The way in which all these parts of the butterfly to come are arranged so as to take up the least possible amount of space is a marvel indeed, and must be seen to be appreciated.

There is nothing imposing in the sight of a newly-hatched butterfly; the casual observer would exclaim "That thing a butterfly—why, it bears not the slightest similarity to the delicate and gay creature familiar under that name!"

And it is true that the moist, miserable, and bedraggled object now before us seems certainly very unlike the sun-loving butterfly.

But wait and watch.

Do you see those small and flabby appendages hanging helplessly down?

Those are the glorious pinions of the butterfly, in their as yet but partially developed condition, barely half an inch in length.

In a short time, however, they have altered and have visibly grown, and now they may be actually *seen* to grow, as the fluids from the body are pumped into the elastic veins which traverse the wings, causing them to expand and stretch, and with them expands the wing membrane, until the wing is there, stretched to its full size, and gay in its many-coloured devices.

It is affirmed by some that the wings unfold; such is not the case, for when the

butterfly emerges from the pupa, the wings, although not one-eighth the full size, have painted upon them in miniature the full pattern of the expanded wing, every detail being visible.

Now were the wings folded the overlapping parts would hide those portions of the pattern immediately below them, and consequently the whole pattern would not be seen.

As soon as the wings have set and become dry, the insect sets up a quickly vibrating motion in them, as if to accustom the wing muscles to their airy work, and in a short time flies away, to join its fellows in their mazy way along the hedgerow.

I have not space in the present paper to enlarge upon the structure of the butterfly, which subject might fill a paper three times as long.

We have seen that, although a butterfly is totally unlike a caterpillar outwardly, the latter is but an animal having a number of skins, the innermost of which is that of the butterfly—in a very undeveloped state, it is true, but there it is.

As one by one these skins are cast off, so the skin immediately below is brought to light and in its turn cast off, until that of the pupa is outermost, which after a time, being burst asunder from within, shows the perfect butterfly.

Thus have we followed from egg to *imago* the butterfly, and gained a slight insight into some of the beauties in the designs of the Creator; and, wondering at such absolute perfection and marvellous organisation, may we not well exclaim with the psalmist: "Oh Lord, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

EDWARD MEDLAND WHITE.



Life in New Zealand¹

BY A RESIDENT

WHEN we are asked by our distant kinsfolk, "How do you live in New Zealand?" the first impulse is to answer, "We live as you do; we are English, Irish, and Scots in a new land, with the ambitions, toils, and enterprises of the old. We work for the same ends, we enjoy the same sports. We read the same news every morning in our daily papers, and we watch you more narrowly than you watch us. Our letters are a month from London, the magazines and reviews, the new novels and the latest fashions, are a few weeks behind time. But the cable has annihilated distance, and we talk with you every day. There is a community of ideas throughout the empire."

In speaking of New Zealand life one ought to begin with the country settler. There are at least a hundred different grades, from the man who lives in a sod house or a slab-built cottage with a wooden chimney, and whose fields are thick with fern and tree-stumps, to the wealthy squatter who shears his tens of thousands of sheep, and who takes a trip Home now and then, a run through America, or a visit to the Paris Exhibition. Very often this gentleman is a member of some good old county family, and he keeps the same state here in New Zealand that his forefathers kept at home. His stables are full of fine horses, his house is full of guests. His wife and daughters dispense a generous hospitality. The wealthy farmers and station-holders are the aristocracy of New Zealand. Their beautiful homes are dotted over all our provinces, and one can hardly picture a happier, more enviable life than has fallen to their lot.

But it is possible to live on very little in New Zealand. The average country settler has a small holding and smaller means. Still there is always abundance in his home. Life is easy to the man who is willing to work. He produces nearly everything that he wants. The orchard, the garden, and the farm all give plentifully. The soil is often very rich, the seasons are constant. So that even the moderately industrious man may live in comfort, not

to say comparative luxury. Especially is this the case in the Auckland province—the fair and fruitful north. The home is supported and the children reared on incomes which to an English mind would appear ridiculously small.

Almost always amid beautiful scenery, always in pure and invigorating air, country life is full of enjoyment. Riding and driving—for the poorest have horses—boating and fishing—if near one of the blue and sparkling harbours—campings-out, picnics, concerts, and dances—the people flock together for these till one wonders whence they all come. A settler's home is never so small that it cannot receive a guest, never so poor that it cannot spread table. The cup of tea, the snowy scone, the plate of fruit, the home-made wine are pressed on the visitor. And often in the bush country or the new-made farming districts one meets with people of education who have taken up colonial life from choice, and have not been roughened by it. Just as they have brought with them their old family heirlooms of books and pictures and silver, they have also brought to their new home a refinement of thought and habit which has savoured colonial society. Such people are seldom rich or very successful, but they have done much for their adopted country. It is no boast but a truth that our emigrants have been largely drawn from the educated classes.

Many travellers affect to smile at the closeness with which colonists copy English social customs. Even in remote and undeveloped settlements the country matrons will have their "days" and "at homes," when once a month or so the drawing-room is filled with visitors, many of whom have ridden or driven miles to pay this call. The tea and cream and cakes, served by the young ladies of the house, are no mere form on such an occasion. The conversation is of the dance or concert of last week, the new engagement, the books just read, of politics sometimes amongst the older women—all New Zealanders are interested in this subject—or in these days, of the war, and—as the newspapers put it—"Our boys at

¹ First Prize Essay, *Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod.

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the Front." There are few families that have not sent son or brother or cousin to the war, and the interest taken in the course of events in South Africa has been almost passionate in its keenness.

The young men of the colony have always shown their public spirit by readiness to submit themselves to military discipline when there was need of their services. The native wars were fought out by colonists, and military settlers first took up the land in what are now some of the most prosperous farming districts. Besides these, numbers of Imperial soldiers, officers as well as privates, have settled here, and in not a few instances it is the sons of these veterans who are going to the war.

Much might be said of the strange nomad life of the gum-digger, whose gipsy camps are seen here and there in the northern districts, usually on the most barren clay lands—a soil that has been exhausted by the enormous growth of the kauri forests of a by-gone age. The unemployed, the scapegrace, and the ne'er-do-well drift to the gum-fields, but whole families may be found living this wild, unconventional life, moving their camp onwards when they have dug out all the gum they can find around their temporary home.

Miners are another wandering class; but gold-mining in New Zealand has now entered on its secondary stage—scientific system, elaborate machinery, and mining towns, with a large stationary population, are the attendant features of the industry. The yield of gold is large, and speculation in shares is always simmering, but the exciting times of the big rushes, when alluvial gold was picked up in the creek beds, and fortunes made by magic, were of thirty years ago.

Town life is much alike everywhere. Society is gay and fashionable in all the colonial cities. Of the four centres of population Auckland is the largest. It is the northern metropolis and was formerly the seat of government. Beautifully situated, with a fine climate, easy-going, hospitable, and not too exclusive, this is the holiday town of New Zealand.

Wellington is Civil Service through and through. It is the authorised capital, the shadow of the big Government building—which some say is the biggest wooden building in the world—rests darkly upon it. The Governor must have his headquarters here or give dire offence. Each

of the three other cities thinks he would far rather live in it. Diplomatic Governors know how to avail themselves of these beliefs.

Christchurch is English—a pleasant, prosperous cathedral city, made rich by the harvests and wool clips of the plains. There is not much excitement in Christchurch; life moves on its way as serenely as the willow-bordered Avon, which flows through the town.

Dunedin is Scotch—staid, sensible, and thorough-going. A handsome city, with picturesque surroundings and a friendly people. Scots are Scots all the world over. They never become colonial; they simply import Scotland. Ian Maclaren might find all his characters amongst the farmers of Otago, though I would not go so far as to say that the level of virtue is quite so high as that attained in Drumtochty.

Every child in New Zealand may receive a good English education free of charge at the public schools. Over and beyond this are the many excellent private schools, the colleges and universities. Many New Zealanders have won distinction here and at Home, in science, mathematics, and the various professions. Our people have almost all a passionate fondness for music, and devote great attention to its study. Poetry, music, and the dance are all beloved of the young colonial, who it has often been remarked has developed something of the artistic nature of the Maori.

It has been impossible within the limits of a few pages to speak of our near neighbours and friends the Maoris, who have lent colour and romance to our history, or to touch upon the political experiments of our Government. Of their latest venture, female suffrage, it may be remarked that it leaves us where we were before. We have more voters; otherwise the situation is unchanged.

It may be asked, "Are there then no shadows in New Zealand life?"

"Yes—many." It has the same struggles, the same disappointments and reverses as elsewhere. It has its dark blots of reckless speculation and gambling, of incompetence and wrongdoing. Were it not so—it would not be life. Even in our young and handsome cities, under as bright a sunshine and as pure an air as heaven ever gave, there are slums. It is in the towns that you will find most of our social wrecks, our incapables and criminals.

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But this cannot be denied, that in New Zealand there has been given to our race one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Favoured by position, with a delightful climate, a soil of inexhaustible fertility, rich in all that man can desire—a great future has been prophesied for her. Already men hail her as the mistress of the South Pacific. Misgovernment, which has done much harm, may hinder and embarrass, but can never ruin her so long as her people remain the energetic, hard-working class they are.

E. CHEESEMAN.

Varieties of Race in New Zealand¹

MOREOVER we have not only variety of occupation, but variety of races. The English stock predominates in the population except in the south, where the Scotch have things all their own way. Most of the hotel-keepers and policemen, and many of the labourers all over the colony, are Irish. The Maoris are loyal citizens, retaining still many of their old customs and traditions, though becoming daily more Anglicised, and now happily showing signs of falsifying the sad prophecy that their race is doomed to extinction. The Chinese are true aliens, who do not come to settle in the country; but, disliked and mistrusted as they are, their skill in raising vegetables, and their ability as shop-keepers, have enabled them to get the market-gardening and green-grocery trades almost entirely into their own hands. Then there are industrious Austrians on the gum-fields, hard-working German and Scandinavian settlers, and a few of every nation, even including quarrelsome Assyrian and Hindoo pedlars.

S. V. BRACHER.

Commercial Honour in New Zealand¹

IN such a land of change Fortune is more fickle than her wont. Hence class barriers are not formidable, but unfortunately the standard of commercial honour is lowered by the too frequent use made of the bankruptcy court. In other ways Colonials show themselves none too scrupulous in their dealings. In New Zealand the innocent are not "taken in"; they "fall in," and the phrase is significant of the ordinary man's easiness of conscience. Nevertheless, he

recognises that it is work which pays better than anything else in the long run, and under legislation conceived in the interests of the worker, his toil is never hopeless. There are few very rich people in the colony, and still fewer idle ones, but there are no abjectly poor, and instead of workhouses the State makes the wiser provisions of a Labour Department and Old Age Pensions.

S. V. BRACHER.

Fielding, New Zealand.

Domestic Servants in New Zealand

INDEED if life in New Zealand is to be practically discussed, something must be said on the question of domestic servants. Every year the situation between mistress and maid becomes more strained; the result of Free Education, Labour Legislation, and the extraordinary decline of all attempt at discipline or training within the home. The recital of one or two experiences, taken haphazard from the current collection of the moment, may best illustrate the position of affairs, and the writer wishes it to be understood such instances are not extreme.

A nurse-girl in giving notice was asked by her mistress what was the reason she wished to leave, had she any complaint to make? "No, thanks, it's nothing of that sort, but really it's so monotonous being with children, taking them out walking and that; I can't stand it." Another girl applying for the situation of "general" at 11s. a week in a small family, confessed that she knew nothing about cooking, but could boil potatoes. Being asked for "references" to former mistresses, she tossed her head with conscious pride, and explained that she had been "Workin' in a fact'ry, but thought she would like a little 'ousework as a chynge." A third young lady of smart and stylish appearance, being engaged at 15s. a week, drove up in a hansom-cab, followed by an express containing her luggage, which consisted of sewing-machine, violin-case, and the usual boxes.

The causes which have led up to the present distaste for domestic service, and the present persistent demand by an utterly incompetent class of servants for an eight hours day and a weekly half-holiday, are of course beyond the scope of this article. Enough has probably been said to show that the situation has reached a stage at which a crisis is inevitable—indeed desirable.

JOHN PENNELL.

Dunedin, New Zealand.

¹ From a Prize Essay, *Leisure Hour Eisteddfod*.

How I Spend my Daily Life¹

FROM ESSAYS CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'LEISURE HOUR' EISTEDDFOD

VII.—By a Lady Clerk

THE drudgery of teaching is almost a proverbial expression, and many a tired governess and high-school mistress has envied the freedom of the City woman. Yet, speaking with the experience of having tried both lives, I can say that office-work is by far the more wearisome. A teacher has endless variety and countless opportunities amongst her pupils; but in an office, the work soon becomes mechanical, and the mind in danger of vegetation.



I am correspondent in one department of a large City firm. Each morning at eight o'clock I must leave my cosy room in the suburbs, and, wet or fine, sally forth to the daily toil for bread-and-cheese. The journey to and fro is one of my special trials: the rubbing shoulder to shoulder with anybody and everybody—often tightly squeezed between a fat man and a dirty artisan—this is one of my severest small trials.

Our office is really a good size, but fifteen

gentlemen and three young ladies, with innumerable books, papers, and various clerical requisites, do not leave very much room to spare. As the only window we can open comfortably is a skylight, and the gentlemen are very nervous about draughts, it is only occasionally that the place is thoroughly well ventilated, and the close atmosphere—in winter heated by hot pipes—is often very trying both to work and temper.

The first duty in the morning is to enter all the letters that come, and to file those of the preceding day. Afterwards come any translations to be made, orders to be entered, and book-work for the rest of the morning, with occasional letters to be taken down and typed as required.

At one p.m. I have an hour's interval, and ring the changes on A.B.C.'s, Lyons' Golden Grain Co.'s, and Express Dairies. These lunches in a restaurant, once such a treat, are often now wearisome and distasteful, and there comes over me a longing for a quiet family meal, where each adds his or her quota to the conversation.

After lunch comes a short walk—maybe along the Embankment, to blow away the cobwebs; or, if frivolities rule the day, to study shop-windows, gazing at wonderful hats and blouses, and much smart apparel, to make one thankful there are so many things we can do without; or perhaps to visit some second-hand bookstall, and peer among the treasures and curiosities there displayed. Better still, to turn out of the rush and roar of the streets into the quiet courts of the Temple or Lincoln's Inn Fields: there to dream of olden days, and greet in imagination friends and acquaintances familiar to lovers of Dickens or Thackeray. Best of all, however, is a few minutes in St. Paul's. The hush and beauty of the majestic building have many a time spoken peace to my heart, whilst its grandeur and vastness have seemed to be doors outward and upward, "out of smallness, out of self," up into the "Inner Court of the Most High." And looking at the monuments to some of England's mighty dead, I have gone back to my little corner, stimulated

¹ The Essays here given have been selected for life.—Ed. L. H.

How I Spend my Daily Life

by the "lives of great men" to try and "make my life sublime" by just doing faithfully the little part allotted me in the great scheme.

The afternoon is principally occupied in taking down and typing letters for the out-going mail.

Thus every day except Friday, when I am occupied in typing the whole day till six p.m.

On the whole a quiet, peaceful, even if monotonous life; and by working with one's might, and taking interest in all one's surroundings, it is possible to be very contented and even happy.

We have a very just and kindly chief to work under, though somewhat severe and stern in manner.

For the rest, I am favoured in having, on the whole, very pleasant and friendly companions in the office; though all are widely different in character and style.

There is a strong *esprit de corps*, and I have never experienced anything but kindness from my fellow-workers.

Afternoon tea is a blessed institution in the City, and 3.30 p.m. is hailed with exclamations of delight. The cup that "cheers but not inebriates" gives fresh vigour to flagging minds, and usually the work proceeds merrily afterwards.

It is easy to see that when I have arrived at home, and had dinner, there is not much time left of the waking portion of life: mending, making, some study and reading fully employ all leisure hours, and leave but little time for recreation; and Church-work claims at least one evening a week.

On Saturday we leave at two p.m., and that afternoon I religiously consecrate to amusement, either riding into the country, or visiting or entertaining friends.

Sunday, of course, is the best of days. Then early rising is not necessary; and the quiet services and Sunday-school work, and intercourse with kind friends, all refresh and re-invigorate the mind for another week's work.

VIII.—By a Girl of Seventeen

MANY would consider my daily life monotonous and uninteresting; sometimes I think so too, but it is only when unusually depressed and over-tired that the thought enters my mind. When my spirits are pleasantly buoyant, especially in the early morning, I feel happy and contented, and in an indistinct sort of way feel as if I am highly honoured to have so much responsibility resting on my shoulders. One rarely, if

ever, feels unhappy when duty and delight are synonymous.

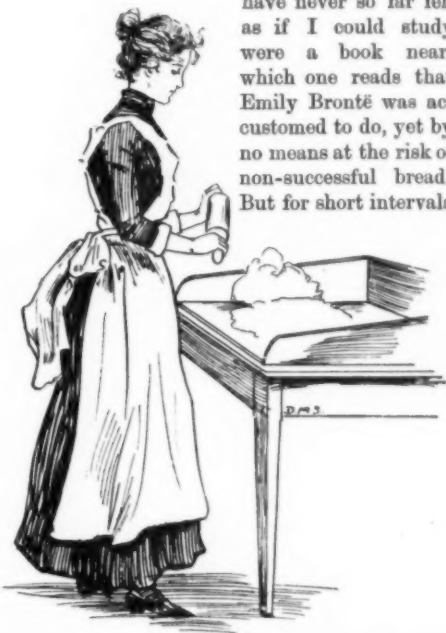
People have said, and even before me—"Poor child! what a hard time she has of it—so much to do—so many things to see after!" And yet I would not exchange places with either one of these kindly pitiers, even if I could.

I am seventeen, but sometimes feel—oh, so very much older! Mine is no new tale: mother died; and being the eldest girl, I try my best to take her place. We are five sisters, and Pattie, the youngest of us, is seven. I congratulate myself sometimes when in a playful mood and seeing only the bright side of things, that I have no time to become a martyr to *ennui*, so prevalent a disease amongst those with little to do.

As regards housekeeping duties I like to work by method and never be wondering on what should be done next; to have everything mapped out with careful forethought. I confess I found it very hard at first thus to do, and matters often went wrong.

I am sole cook for the household: this important post claims a considerable portion of time, especially on bread-making days. In the morning I knead the dough in a huge pan and set it aside to rise. I think this work tires me for the time more than anything else I do.

During the process, I have never so far felt as if I could study were a book near, which one reads that Emily Brontë was accustomed to do, yet by no means at the risk of non-successful bread. But for short intervals



How I Spend my Daily Life

I rise above the humdrum stooping exercise and stand on tiptoe, stretching my arms towards the ceiling to derive fresh supplies of vigour! About two in the afternoon the bread is ready for the oven; and between-whiles of replenishing the fire and attending to the loaves I either do some mending or study a little.

Sometimes of an evening I feel "cramped," and, like Polly in Miss Alcott's *An Old-fashioned Girl*, determine that, "cost what it may, I will have some fun." My desire for "fun" invariably culminates satisfactorily in a romp with the children.

One evening, after wearying of Blind Man's Buff, Pattie expressed a desire that I should drag her quickly up and down the hall in a low chair which possessed the thrilling attribute of creaking fitfully in an odd manner. We enjoyed ourselves immensely for quite a while, but the frolic was destined to be prematurely ended. The governess hastened down-stairs with evident consternation (she had wondered where I was, —no stop being put to the "unusual boisterous commotion"!). I fear the "mistress of the house" looked very incapable and girlish on that occasion. For days afterwards, my long skirts seemed to have lost much of their dignity,—so I had to repent; but hardly "in sackcloth and ashes"!

On washing-day, whilst Mary diligently rubs in the kitchen, Jane helps with the dinner preparations until she also stands before the tub. Then while the oven does its work, I examine my cupboards; take note of the groceries, etc. I thoroughly dislike "washing-day." But it often reminds me of Plutarch's remark—"It makes much for contentedness of mind to look at the case of people worse off than ourselves." So I apply my case to that of Mary and Jane. It surely must be much worse to be in the thick of the washing, than only to have the untidy effects of it forced about and around one.

As I spend the greater part of every day in the kitchen and its premises, I had better say something about my associates. Mary is just ordinary, and what is described as "close," whilst Jane is the sort of individual who makes even a dull day seem bright with apt remarks

and droll sayings. Only yesterday, as I was sorting some tablecloths, she sagely nodded her head, saying—"Seems to me, miss, in this 'ere house there's everything to the use. Home, in not one of the 'ouses up our row es such a thing seen on a table, 'cepting of a Sunday afternoon, to honour the day, like!"

I always look forward to Sunday: it is so nice having a little real rest. The chapel we attend is a very insignificant little Bethel. Very few people worship there. Sometimes, but very rarely, an ordained minister preaches. As a general rule we get an illiterate local; yet commonly one of whom can be said—"he has the root of the matter within;" and to feel that fact pressed home to our hearts is far more important than to hear a grandiloquent address on a feebly spiritual scale. One Sunday, as good collections were urgently needed in aid of the harmonium fund, a clever discourses, quite a stranger, was secured for the services. One old man among the morning congregation on being shaken hands with in the aisle, said—"I must thank 'e, sir, for t' bit o' history; but, lack-a-day!—there was noan o' Christ in um!"

George Herbert must have had experiences of heart-stirring yet crude sermons (maybe he preached some himself) before he wrote that valuable poem entitled "The Church Porch." In it he says—"Praying's the end of preaching. Do not grudge to pick out treasures from an earthen pot."

Every day I have to respect the doctor's orders and take a walk. Occasionally I go comparatively long distances over the hills accompanied by one or more of the children, but oftener alone.

I am very fond of old people, and have several aged friends around and about the village. One is quite poor, so when busy cooking I make her a little cake or something else sometimes, and she always appears so pleased when she receives it. Another old lady left her cottage last week to spend some time with a relation. The day before her departure I received a large vegetable-marrow as a parting gift, accompanied by a note desiring me to write her a letter while away.



The Late Worm

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARLY BIRD"

A STORY FOR THE BAIRNS

ONCE upon a time there was a worm who had a son. In his way he was rather a wonderful son. He was the eldest of the family, he was also the youngest. He was the tallest of the family, he was also the shortest. He was the wisest of the family, he was also the most foolish.

And the way he managed it was this: he was the only son.

He had many faults, most worms have, but the only one his mother knew of, or at any rate took any notice of, was that he was always late for breakfast.

"Late again, Rig," she would say every morning (his real name was Wiggles, but he was always called "Rig" for short). "Yes, mother," he would reply, for he was a dear lovable worm, and the spirit of contradiction was not in him.

Besides, he always *was* late, very late.

Breakfast was always taken on the garden lawn.

It consisted chiefly of mud in various forms—mud-pies, mud-puddings, and even mud-tarts. Oh! the delight of those mud-tarts!

Sometimes they were large and round, with ornamentations in darker mud round the edges. Sometimes they were the size and shape of a mince-pie with the lid off. And sometimes they were oblong with a "noughts and crosses" diagram beautifully laid out in the middle, like this—

```

      x               x
    x o x o x o x o x o
      o               x
      x               o
      x               x
    x o x o x o x o x o
      x               x

```

It was indeed a toothsome sight.

But on this particular morning there were no tarts. Instead, Wiggles observed a somewhat gloomy expression on his mother's face, and he almost guessed what was coming.

This must not be put down to his excessive wisdom, but to the fact that the same lecture came at the same time, from the same lips, five days a week; the only exceptions being washing-days and Sundays. There was little time for lectures on washing-days, and Sunday was very properly looked upon as a lecture-holiday.

But to return to the lecture itself:

"This *will* NOT DO, Rig," said his mother.

"What will not do, mother?" he answered, with his mouth full of mud.

"Don't speak with your mouth full," retorted his mother severely.

"But it was full," said Rig.

"Then you should have waited until it was empty."

"I did not know you liked to be kept waiting," replied Rig, with a gentle smile.

His mother slowly heaved three sighs. As a matter of fact she could not think of any good reply, and wanted to gain time in an impressive manner. Then she returned to the original subject.

"I really wonder you don't try to reform," said she. "Have you never heard the warning in verse written for lazy worms?"

"No, mother," replied the dutiful son, "I don't think I have, but I should much like to. A warning *in verse* would be a change."

"Wiggles, do not scoff, but listen—

"The worm who always rises late,
Will some day later rise,
To find an empty breakfast-plate
Instead of tarts and pies.
He then, as I need hardly state,
Will starve until he dies!"

Here the good mother burst into tears, and for once in his foolish life Rig looked rather uncomfortable.

"Look here, mother darling," said he, "if you are going to treat the matter as seriously as all that, I must be serious too."

"And you'll always get up early?" joyfully cried his fond parent.

"Well, mother," replied Rig, "the question is: Do you want to lose your dear and only son altogether?"

"You silly boy," laughed his mother, "you need not get up before I am ready to look after you. Of course I don't want you to lose yourself."

"That is not quite what I meant," retorted Wiggles sedately. "A long time ago you told me never to forget that 'The early bird catches the worm.' I have *not* forgotten, and I also remember that I am a worm and not a bird. I presume" (he was so pleased with this phrase that he repeated it), "I presume that early birds can only catch early worms; and that, mother, is the reason why I always get up late."

Here the orator paused, quite out of breath, and probably more full of pride than any worm so young has ever been before or since.

As for his mother, she was so pleased with her son's wisdom that she lay on the lawn and beamed with delight. In fact so beautifully did she beam that a large crow hovering near was much attracted by the sight and hovered rather nearer.

The end was somewhat sudden. A hasty sloop, a gobble, and Mrs. Worm was no more!

Wiggles darted underground with much agility.

"This has been a very trying morning for me," he remarked. "For the future I shall always have breakfast in bed."

And he did.



From Our Own Correspondents

The German Crown Prince as a Student

PRINCE WILHELM, the eldest son of the Kaiser, has begun a student life in the old Rhenish university town of Bonn. It is proposed that he stay here two years. He will enter the old Borussia corps to which his father belonged, and will take part in all its proceedings. The Crown Prince will devote the principal part of his time to the study of jurisprudence and history, but he will not neglect *belles lettres*, languages, and natural sciences. The programme of studies, which it is said the Kaiser sketched for him, embraces the principles of Roman law, and studies in the new codified civil law of Germany. Professor Nissen will impart instruction in classical history, and other famous doctors will read with him the history of art in the Rhine provinces and in the Netherlands. Goethe's *Faust* and Schiller's plays will likewise engage the Prince's attention, and the French drama will be expounded by no less an authority than M. Gaufinez. Zoology and paleontology will not be neglected. Altogether the Crown Prince will hear twenty lectures every week, each lecture to last an hour. Every arrangement has been made for out-of-doors exercise—boating on the Rhine, lawn tennis and cycling. At home he will practise his violin, on which instrument he is said to be a respectable performer.—M. A. M.

Advance of German Shipping

It is perfectly true that the British shipping trade is still far beyond that of all other countries both in bulk and in importance. The shipping interest of no other country is to be compared with it. But all the same there is cause for watchfulness, for here, as in so many

other branches of trade and commerce, Germany is springing forward rapidly and claiming a prominent position. Her shipping trade with America and the Far East, and its extraordinary development in recent years, deserves to be carefully watched at home. The Hamburg-America line, for example, has increased its passenger traffic by 57 per cent. since 1898, and the cargo-boats their tonnage by 27 per cent. At the present time this mighty company owns 93 sea-going ships and 102 river-steamers. It is building 19 sea-going ships and 27 river-steamers. The tonnage of the company is 611,067 registered tons, against 378,770 tons, the aggregate tonnage of the largest British company—the British India Steam Navigation Company. The Hamburg-America line is rapidly opening up new trading lines which have been hitherto British monopolies, and this is not only the case with regard to North American ports, but also in Mexico and the West Indies, and in almost all ports, great and small, in the South American continent. It is the same story in the Far East.

The North German Lloyd Company has already bought out two or three weak British lines and taken over their trade. This enterprising company already owns 26 steamers trading exclusively in Far Eastern waters, and is building 9 more for this trade. Here also the Germans are opening up fresh lines, either visiting ports hitherto exclusively visited by British ships, or ports which were considered too unimportant by their British rivals. Rapid strides are being made by the German companies in securing a large share of the coasting and river trade of China and Japan. Their river-boats ply on the Yangtse further inland than any British steamer, and their shipping houses are establishing agencies everywhere on the coast. If

the British mercantile marine is to maintain its proud pre-eminence it must bestir itself in face of the competition with which it is threatened.

M. A. M.

Russian Tea

It is not generally known that Russia—next to England the greatest tea-drinking country in Europe—is making great efforts to grow a portion of her own tea in Russia. Along the eastern shore of the Black Sea, a district favoured with a suitable soil and climate, a number of Russian landowners, at their head Prince Voronzoff, have begun tea-planting on a considerable scale, and the result of their efforts encourages them to persevere. One planter has about 40,000 acres which he is carefully preparing for tea culture. This year's harvest promises to be about six tons, but each year as the plants grow older the harvests will increase. On Prince Voronzoff's estate it is expected that next year a harvest of twenty-five tons will be gathered. These are only small beginnings, but it has now been proved that tea will grow in that favoured locality, and that its growth will pay. The quality of the tea grown on the Black Sea coasts is said to be of the purest.

M. A. M.

An Honoured Citizen of the Wild West

In the spring of 1901 New York had a visit from one of the most distinguished citizens of the West, a man whose story reads like a romance of early pioneer days, but who is still in the prime of life. Colonel Dick Plunkett, of Oklahoma, is an Irishman from County Down, one of eleven brothers, all big athletic men. He went to America on the *Oregon* on the last trip made by that unfortunate vessel, and went directly west to join a brother-in-law in Colorado. He quickly became noticeable for his strength, courage, and proficiency in athletics, and was offered the dangerous honour of the Marshalship of Montezuma, a newly-organised town, chiefly remarkable for the number of its "bad men," or desperadoes. His success in clearing the town of bad characters was so complete that he was appointed a United States marshal, and has since been guardian of law and order on the borders of Colorado, Utah, and Oklahoma. He has arrested hundreds of the most desperate criminals under exceptionally perilous conditions. Generally aware of the avowed purpose of the desperadoes to shoot him on sight, he has habitually gone with no other weapons than his hands, or a light bamboo

cane. He has never found it necessary to kill a human being. Under exceptional circumstances, or when confronted by numbers, he has shot and shot straight; but only to maim and not to kill. He bears numerous scars on all parts of his body, as evidence of the many attempts which have been made to kill him with knives and guns and pistols; but not only have all attempts failed, but in no instance have the men who made them succeeded in getting away. By the Indians, Colonel Plunkett is regarded as a friend and protector, shielding them from the rascalities of the Indian traders, and the injustice so frequently perpetrated upon the red men by the whites. Colonel Plunkett is a man of unfailing good-humour. He never loses his temper, never swears, and neither smokes nor drinks. When he has his antagonists down and disarmed, he cares for them kindly, attends to their wounds before his own, and sees that they have legal counsel to defend them. He is a man of whom the whole West is proud, and he does honour also to the land of his birth.

A. G. P.

Bubonic Plague at Capetown

RESIDENCE in a city where the bubonic plague is rampant, is an experience by no means to be envied. To go about in hourly trepidation lest some deadly microbe should elect to make a home in your anatomy, fearful to come in contact with your fellow-beings who may be classed under the name of "undesirables," or dreading that some migratory flea from a diseased rat may inoculate and lay you low, does not add to the pleasures of existence. You cannot open your morning paper without being reminded of the presence of the plague, what with medical reports, correspondence from persons who have suggestions to make, or trade announcements anent rat-traps and disinfectants. If you board a railway-train or tramcar, the inevitable topic of conversation is the plague, while ever and anon in your walks abroad, you come in contact with the gloomy-looking wagons which perambulate the streets collecting "cases."

It was in February last that the pestilence first made its unwelcome appearance in Capetown, a city which for climate, situation and natural advantages generally ought, one would think, to be proof against such a visitation. The first warning was a significant mortality amongst the rats at the docks, which were observed to quit their customary haunts and stagger about in a stupid, half-dazed condition, apparently

Over-Sea Notes

having lost all timidity for their natural enemy, man. One leading medical man alleges that the plague came from India, from whence immense quantities of hay have been imported for the horses and mules engaged in the war, and he says that he has seen bales of fodder opened, from which scores of rats have scampered. It is strange how history repeats itself, for in Oporto, rats and mice were observed to be dying in the docks and their neighbourhood several weeks before the first case of plague occurred among the wharf-porters. The Kafir labourers, a large number of whom are employed in the work of coaling, loading, and discharging cargo and so on, took the disease, and soon things went from bad to worse, till in about a couple of months' time there were something like a hundred deaths.

The presence within its limits of the heterogeneous population comprising all classes, creeds, and colours, coupled with unpardonable supineness and neglect on the part of the municipal authorities, has no doubt contributed largely to the present unhappy state of things. Kafirs, Malays, Chinese, Indians, Hottentots, and others have for years past had their unsavoury dwellings within almost a stone's-throw of the principal thoroughfares, their habits being decidedly inimical to the general health of the community, and their environment generally seeming to invite disease. Filthy rooms, packed with filthy people, filthy courts and yards, and within and without a poisonous atmosphere. In some parts of the town it would be no uncommon thing to find a room ten feet by twelve occupied by at least fifteen Kafirs, and this class of people could be numbered by the thousand. Then, again, in other parts where the masses of the poor, idle, and dissolute and criminal congregate, there is a very large percentage of disorderly houses of the lowest type, a seething mass of corruption brought about by the vices of the people and their squalid, unsanitary surroundings.

As long ago as 1881, a Government official of an inquiring turn of mind, anxious to see the seamy side of Capetown life, paid a visit to the slums at night accompanied by a detective, and with almost prophetic foresight, wrote, "We shall pursue the usual policy of locking the stable-door after the steed has been stolen, or, in other words, the danger will not be brought home to us by lectures or platform oratory, but by some terrible calamity which will throw the town into a panic." These words have been abundantly justified, the Nemesis has

come, and come to stay in all probability for some time, as the experts predict that the plague will be infinitely worse in the winter, which commences about May. Fortunately, Capetown has had the benefit of the advice and experience of Professor Simpson, who rendered such valuable service in India, and the Colonial Government has risen bravely to the occasion, and strained every nerve to cope with the danger.

One great difficulty in dealing with the bubonic plague is the fact that it not only affects human beings, but also attacks rodents, especially rats and mice: accordingly no measures are complete which do not include the prevention of the disease in these animals as well as in man. A vigorous crusade therefore was forthwith instituted against these vermin, as much as sixpence each being offered for them dead or alive.

The next step on the part of the Government was to make arrangements for a wholesale exodus of the Kafir element, and a location was established at a suitable spot a few miles outside the city, a reform which ought to have been initiated years ago in the interests of whites and blacks alike. The matter was taken energetically in hand, and in the space of a few weeks, quite a township had sprung up on the veldt beneath the shadow of Table Mountain, with streets of dwellings constructed of wood and corrugated iron. Some seven thousand or more Kafirs were transported hither from their overcrowded, evil-smelling dens, nor were they long in appreciating the change, and when the writer visited the location recently, the dusky inhabitants seemed as happy as possible, leading a free, wholesome life, and, above all, removed from the temptations of the canteen with its body- and soul-destroying influences. The Kafir in his primitive state is a fine fellow, but he quickly becomes addicted to European vices, and none more so than drink. Capetown unfortunately, like many other cities, is far too abundantly supplied with places where inferior liquor is sold, and the proprietors grow rich by the enormous profits they make out of their unsophisticated coloured customers. Cases have been known where a roll of common tobacco has been found in a brandy-cask, in order to make the potation hot and strong. In the newly-established location, drink is rigorously excluded, and under judicious control and restraint, the natives are in a fair way of becoming considerably improved, both from a social and moral point of view. Each religious

denomination applying is granted a site whereon to erect a church and minister's residence, besides which, there is a large recreation-hall provided for general purposes, and altogether the movement is a most gratifying one, likely to prove one bright spot which the plague will leave in its wake; the dark ones will be numerous enough, for hitherto the mortality has been very great, the deaths averaging something like thirty-three per cent. of those attacked. It is to be feared also, that a large number of cases, particularly among the coloured people, are concealed, as corpses are constantly being found. Rent in Capetown, and indeed throughout South Africa generally, is most expensive, and this is why so many herd together in one dwelling. A small cottage of four rooms in a second-rate locality commands a rental of £5 a month, and if it happens to be advertised to let, there may be a score of applicants before breakfast. This, by the way, is an item which intending emigrants would do well to make a note of, for there are few things that strike new-comers more forcibly, when they land at the Cape, than the enormous cost of house accommodation.

The number of persons one meets with their arm in a sling, is evidence of the extent to which inoculation is being adopted. According to Professor Simpson, it was very efficacious in India, the difference between those inoculated and non-inoculated being eighty per cent. It is not an absolute protection, but it diminishes the chances of attack immensely, and at the same time, if an inoculated person takes the plague, the chances of death are reduced. The medical practitioners of Capetown must be reaping a rich harvest, although the Government has appointed certain doctors who perform the operation free. Its action varies considerably, some patients experiencing discomfort for only a few hours, while others again are laid up for some days and suffer a good deal. A good proportion of the population seem stolidly determined not to have anything to do with inoculation at any price, preferring to run the risk of the plague.

As soon as a case of plague is reported, an ambulance-wagon is sent to the house, which conveys the patient to the special hospital, and all the contacts are removed to a quarantine camp, where they have to remain for twelve days. A yellow flag is hung out at the infected dwelling, and a large splash of yellow paint daubed on the wall, together with the date of the outbreak. The place is then closed up, and in the

case of old houses, the woodwork is demolished, paper taken down, and a thorough cleansing effected. It is not generally known that there is much more danger in the infected house than in the sick person; and in houses which have not been evacuated, and which are in an unsanitary condition, it has often happened that sooner or later every inmate has been attacked. In many cases it has been discovered that the plague has been brought into respectable houses through the medium of coloured domestic servants, who have been granted leave out, and returned home after visiting their friends, resulting in the whole of the occupants being quarantined. This has happened sometimes in the case of boarding-houses, occasioning not only annoyance but no small pecuniary loss to the proprietors, who find their source of living suddenly gone. A case broke out on the premises of the Young Women's Christian Association, an institution of inestimable value to young females arriving from England, and most admirably conducted, but it had to be shut up, showing how widespread and disastrous are the effects of the pestilence. Owing to this, many families have dispensed altogether with servants, preferring the inconvenience of performing their own household work to running the risk of imported contagion.

The hospital arrangements are supervised by the Government Health Officer, assisted by a large staff of doctors and nurses, who, in consequence of the risk incurred, receive a high rate of remuneration. Quite recently, one of the medical men, in performing a *post-mortem* examination, happened to scratch his hand slightly with a lancet, and died very shortly afterwards.

Persons proceeding up-country have to be medically examined before being allowed to take their seat in the train, and every precaution is used to localise the danger, but notwithstanding the most unremitting vigilance, cases have been discovered a considerable distance from the metropolis, causing every town throughout the colony to be on the alert; and even the transports which have been accustomed all along to land troops at Capetown now give it the go-by and proceed to one of the as yet unaffected ports further on.

What with war and pestilence raging at the same time, and the possibility of something like a famine in the near future, the outlook is anything but reassuring, and South Africa may well be said to have its cup of adversity filled to the brim.—W. S. F.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Ploughing Salt

IN the vicinity of Salton, California, there is a very remarkable deposit of salt, covering an area of about a thousand acres. The deposit

a broad but shallow furrow, and piles the salt in ridges, which are collected into conical piles by Indians, and look like piles of snow. Some of the salt is used in the condition in which it is dug up, but most of it is ground up and refined before being placed on the market.



PLOUGHING A BED OF SALT

lies in a depression almost three hundred feet below sea-level, and was at some time past the bed of a sea, or an extension of the Gulf of California. At present about two thousand tons of salt are taken annually from the place, and the supply shows no sign of exhaustion, because salt is continually being deposited in the basin from springs which run into it. The deposit is essentially rock-salt, and it is dug up with a plough, as represented in the accompanying illustration from the *Scientific American*. The plough is pulled from side to side of the area, being worked by means of cables attached to a stationary engine. The steel breaker cuts

the number remarkable for their size do not exceed five hundred. Several of these giant trees are more than a hundred yards high, and have diameters from eighteen to twenty-three

The Big Trees of California

It is evident from a report recently prepared by the U.S. Division of Forestry, under the direction of Mr. G. Pinchot, that the extinction of the mammoth trees of California must be contemplated if steps are not taken to preserve some of them from the bushman. The type of tree of which these world-renowned specimens are representatives was once widely distributed over the globe, but now the only species remaining are scattered over a small area, and



FELLING A BIG TREE WITH AXES

feet. The bark is often two feet thick, and almost incombustible. The extreme age attained by the trees is still an unsettled question, though there is no doubt that it is very great. By counting the rings of trees which have been cut down, ages of 1300 years, 2200 years, and 4000 years have been obtained, so that probably some of the trees now growing on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains were in their prime at the commencement of our era. The trees are in fact the oldest living things, as well as the largest, and they have been able to survive other trees of a past geological age on account of their sound qualities. Knowing something of the majesty of these giants, many people will regret to learn that, according to the report already mentioned, "the majority of the Big Trees of California, certainly the best of them, are owned by people who have every right, and in many cases every intention, to cut them into lumber."

Shooting at Clouds.

THE practice of firing cannon to disperse impending hailstorms is extending rapidly. Successful results are reported to have been



THE "GRIZZLY GIANT"

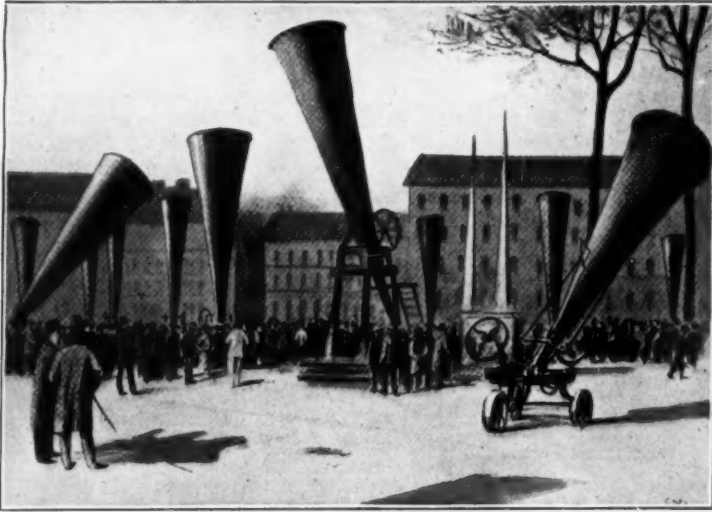
Circumference at base, 93 ft. 7 in. Diameter, about 30 ft.



"SMITH'S CABIN"

A big tree, the hollow base of which was in early years used as a hunter's cabin.

obtained in Styria, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and France, but it is impossible to know in most cases whether natural causes were responsible for the dispersion of the hailstorms, or the firing of the cannon. Several special cannons have been devised for firing at clouds from which hail threatens to fall, and a number of these are here shown in an illustration from a French scientific journal—*La Nature*. The guns consist essentially of a mortar with a funnel-like barrel, and the extent to which they have been adopted may be judged by the fact that more than ten thousand of them were in use in Italy last year. French and Italian wine-growers insist that by means of these guns clouds are broken up, so that rain falls instead of hail. The theory is that by firing large charges of gunpowder a series of atmospheric vortex rings, similar to those which a smoker can blow from his mouth, are produced, and that they penetrate the clouds with sufficient force to prevent the formation of hail, or to disperse it. Dr. J. M. Pernter, Director of the Austrian Meteorological Service, and other meteorologists, have investigated the subject at the request of their Governments, but their report gives little



GUNS FOR FIRING TO PREVENT HAILSTORMS

support to this belief. It was found that the whirls which left the mouth of the cannon could not in any case reach a greater height than four hundred and fifty yards. All that can at present positively be asserted is that it is not impossible that the shooting may sometimes arrest the fall of hail, but no meteorologist will agree that hailstones could be transformed into raindrops by such means, or that the formation of hail can be prevented by the bombardment of a cloud.

The Gas that Keeps the Earth Warm

EVERY one knows that the atmosphere surrounding our solid globe may be compared with the glass of a greenhouse, which permits the rays of the sun to pass through, but prevents the escape of radiations from the heated interior. This action is due to the carbonic acid gas and the moisture in air, but as the proportion of the latter varies very considerably, while the quantity of the former is almost the same all over the earth and at all seasons, evidently the protective action of carbonic acid gas is most important from a terrestrial point of view. If the proportion of this gas in air could be increased, the temperature of the ground and of the air surrounding us would be raised, and if it were diminished all parts of the earth would become cooler. This conclusion appears somewhat astonishing when the small amount of the gas in air is borne in mind. In one thousand cubic feet of pure air there are only three cubic feet of carbonic acid gas; that is to say, only one-third per cent. of air consists of the gas to the protective qualities of which we are so much indebted. Notwithstanding this, Dr. Nils Ekholm shows, in a detailed paper lately published

by the Royal Meteorological Society, that a diminution of the gas to two-thirds of its present amount would probably lower the average temperature of the northern regions of the earth by at least 99° Fahr., and hence produce the climate of the Great Ice Age. On the other hand, an increase to triple the present amount, that is, to about one per cent. in air, would probably produce a rise of temperature amounting to thirty or forty degrees, and thus convert the deserts of polar ice into regions

covered with a rich and flourishing tropical flora, as they were in former ages. From these considerations Dr. Ekholm concludes that the principal variations of climate in the past have been caused by slight variations in the proportion of carbonic acid gas in the earth's atmosphere.

About ten per cent. of the birds of Europe are songsters, but in the tropics the proportion of singing birds falls so low as one per thousand.

The sizes of Swiss glaciers have been proved not only to vary in the course of the year, but also to increase and decrease in a period covering about one-third of a century. The variations correspond to a cycle of weather changes.

The number of distinct species of microbes living in the body of a man in good health is between sixty and seventy. More than thirty species have been found inhabiting the cavity of the human mouth, others are found on the skin, and a variety of forms live in various parts of the digestive organs.

The present speed of Transatlantic telegraphy is about twenty words a minute, so that with twelve duplexed cables the carrying capacity is almost five hundred words a minute. Dr. Pupin, a well-known American electrician, has invented a means of obtaining this speed with a single cable. He has also showed that by his system telephonic conversation can be carried on quite easily through two hundred and fifty miles of an artificial cable, and that a telephonic communication could be established between England and America.



"Nearer, my God, to Thee"

"As a writer, as a poet, there were few in the literary world of London [in the forties] who had not heard of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted woman to whom all Christendom to-day pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,'" writes Clifford Howard in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "It was written in 1840, and had subsequently been set to music by Eliza Flower, and included in a collection of hymns written and composed by the two sisters. Only within that year had their book of *Hymns and Anthems* been published, and the hymn that was destined to inspire the world had then been heard but once or twice, and within the walls of a single church—South Palace Chapel, London. It was not, however, until after the year 1860, when the present well-known tune was composed for it by Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, that the hymn attained its widespread popularity. Up to that time it had attracted but little notice. Through the spirit of Dr. Mason's sympathetic music it was quickened into glorious life and brought within the reach of every congregation and every Christian soul. But this was long after the author of the hymn had passed away. She died in 1848, without knowing of the triumph and the glory that awaited her work. Her grave in the little village of her birth is unmarked by any monument to her fame."

A portrait of Miss Adams appeared in *The Girls' Own Paper*, July 19, 1890, and a facsimile of the original of this hymn in her handwriting.

Co-operation in Europe

ABOUT fifteen years ago the *Leisure Hour* published a comprehensive review of the position of the co-operative movement throughout the world, a contribution that revealed to many people the promise of the Continent with regard to a principle which had been generally assumed to be a monopoly of the working-classes of Great Britain. Since then great advance has been made in the development of voluntary associations of working men for trading purposes in Europe. Amid the turmoil of politics and the unsettled national life of many European

nations, the application of the co-operative idea to trade and industry has made progress almost as rapid as the growth of association in distribution in England and Scotland. Here retail shopkeeping is the main exposition of the principle, on the Continent the same idea has found different expression according to the character of the people with whom it has taken root. In France co-operative production finds favour in 250 workshops, testifying to the ability of working people to conduct business on this principle, while 2500 agricultural societies prove the hold it has obtained over the rural population. Germany has 16,912 co-operative societies, 10,850 of which are credit banks such as are now being established with considerable success in the country districts of Ireland. There are also 682 co-operative dairies with 50,000 members in the Fatherland; but the distribution of commodities is so hedged in with legislation favourable to private shopkeepers that, in that direction, co-operation has had little chance. In Austria social difficulties hinder the progress of association in business as in ideas, and in Hungary the greater part of the co-operation that does exist is of a class character—lawyers, labourers, agriculturists, and others, each having their sectional societies who hold aloof from one another with caste-like isolation. Little Switzerland presents a great picture of co-operation, and, free from foreign troubles, is able to encourage self-help among the people. It has 3400 societies, 1400 of which are concerned with the dairying industry, and its distributive stores have a membership of 1,200,000, only about half a million behind the returns for the United Kingdom. In Italy credit banking is the leading feature of the co-operative movement, and in the Netherlands agricultural societies are prominent. Co-operation and socialism are linked together in Belgium in a way that is unknown elsewhere, and the expanding profits of workmen's stores are employed in the propagation of very advanced socialist teaching. Among European nations Denmark, however, presents the most remarkable example of co-operative success. It has more than a thousand co-operative dairies, and four-fifths of the milk produced in the country are dealt with therein, while the sales of butter thus made amount to seven millions sterling. Three-fifths of the pigs in Denmark

Varieties

are converted into ham and bacon in co-operative factories, and the egg societies are responsible for one-sixth of the export trade in eggs. And by means of co-operation the Danes have been able to seriously thwart the Irish trade in dairy produce. Russia has a few examples of co-operation, mostly connected with the great industrial works, and in Finland a propagandist society has been recently started which is helped with a grant from the Government, and is intended to form co-operative societies in the country. Such facts and figures demonstrate the international character of the co-operative movement, which now only requires to be welded together to form the greatest association of producers and consumers the world has ever seen. No wonder Lord Rosebery once described this great movement as "a State within a State."—W. H. B.

Novel Bell-Ringing

THE beautiful white marble Roman Catholic cathedral on Fifth Avenue in New York has recently inaugurated a new system of bell-ringing, far easier, more perfect, and more satisfactory, if less picturesque, than the old method. The bells of St. Patrick's came from Paris three years ago. There are nineteen of them, ranging in weight from 270 to 6000 pounds. They have a musical range from lower C to upper D, with intervening semitones. On their arrival the trustees of the cathedral advertised for an original device to ring them, and after a public competition, the contract was awarded to Mr. H. C. Champ of Brooklyn. The bells are rung by means of a keyboard, eighteen inches long, which can be operated by any one who can play the piano or organ. The keyboard is connected by means of electric wires with nineteen pneumatic bell engines, one of which corresponds to each bell. The engines are bolted to wooden seats, which in turn are bolted on a system of steel beams inserted in the walls of the tower. The working parts of the engines are constructed of fine bronze composition metal, which will not corrode. Each engine consists of three main parts, two cylinders and a piston, and is worked by compressed air. The piston is fitted to a clip hung on the clapper of the bell above it. The stroke can be adjusted to a nicety, and, once adjusted, the clip cannot change its position. The first peal, rung by the new contrivance, ushered in the new century, when "Adeste, Fideles," rung out on the midnight air. Automatic clock mechanism attached to the bell engines renders the "Angelus" and "De Profundis" four times daily.—A. G. P.

Paper from Cotton-Seed Hulls

AMONG the modern industries which utilise what until recently was waste are those whose raw material is cotton seed. Twenty years ago, the cotton seed, when separated from the

fibre by the cotton gin, was used simply as fuel for the machinery. The quantity of seed was, however, far in excess of the fuel needs, and much of it had to be carted away. It was used as feed for cattle and pigs, but the cattle tired of it, and it also affected the milk, causing the butter to come out as white as snow. Then came the great discovery of cotton-seed oil, and the setting up of various plants for the crushing of the seed. The oil extracted has found many commercial uses. In the United States it is very largely used as a substitute for lard, and also as a substitute for the much more expensive olive oil. The cotton-seed cakes, after the oil has been expressed, are used as feed, and are said to be more acceptable than the natural seed. Just recently, a new use has been found for a part of the seed which hitherto has been still waste. After crushing, the meal is bolted and separated from the black hull, to which always adheres a little boll of cotton. Efforts have frequently been made to utilise this for paper-making, but the black hulls specked the paper and destroyed its value. By boiling with certain chemicals, the colouring of the hulls is destroyed, with the result that good white paper can be made from the resulting pulp,—paper, it is claimed, of much superior value to that made of wood pulp. In the United States, wood pulp costs about one cent, a pound, and must be combined with from ten to twenty per cent. of sulphite wood, costing two or three cents a pound. Cotton-seed hulls can be obtained by the car-load for from sixty-five to seventy cents a hundred pounds, and Georgia and the Carolinas, where cotton is king, are rejoicing in the prospect of the establishment of a new and paying industry in the domain of their monarch.—A. G. P.

The Tiber in Flood

It used to be said that the break-up of the ice as it came down through the iron gates of the Danube was one of the finest sights in Europe. The sweep of the yellow Tiber in flood, as of the Arno, or other of the northern rivers of Italy, is also a spectacle not to be forgotten. When Victor Emmanuel, in 1870, made his first visit to Rome, the Corso, as he drove down it, had become a river. Garibaldi revived the project of Julius Caesar to deflect the Tiber by means of a canal to the sea. His project was modified, and, as finally brought forward, rejected by one vote. He retired disgusted to Caprera, predicting the fall of the walls which it was proposed to build instead. In the floods of last December, however, the great walls since raised helped to keep the waters in bound, only at one point giving way. Outside of the city the Basilica of Saint Paul was under water, its beautiful nave being converted into a glassy lake. All the country round was inundated. A young bride shut in by the deep water with her husband swooned when the rescuers placed her upon a raft, upset the boat, and both were drowned.

Venomous Sea-Snakes

It is not generally known, except to scientists and those who are acquainted with the subject, that a large percentage of the species and varieties of sea-snakes are highly venomous. These snakes must not be confounded with the very numerous species of sea-eels, which, though exceedingly savage, and armed with strong needle-pointed teeth, are all non-venomous, though their bite produces high inflammation, if not at once properly attended to and cleansed by an antiseptic. The sea-snake is a true snake in many respects, having either laminated scales, or a thick corduroyed skin, resembling rudimentary scales; the head is flat, and the general structure of the body similar to that of the land-snake. Whether any of them possess the true poison glands and fangs I do not know, for although I have killed many hundreds of them, I never took sufficient interest to make a careful examination; and I was told by a Dutch medical gentleman, long resident on the coast of Dutch New Guinea, and who had made much investigation on the subject, that he had failed to discover any poisoned sacs, or glands, in any one of the many snakes he had captured. Yet in some instances he found what at first appeared to be the two long front teeth common to venomous land-snakes, but on detailed examination these always proved to be perfectly solid; nevertheless, a bite from one of these sea-serpents was generally regarded by the natives as fatal. In my own experience I know of two such cases, one at the island of Fotuna in the South Pacific, and the other in Torres Straits.

In Sigavi harbour on Fotuna, there is a rock to which vessels occasionally make fast their stern moorings. In the boat which I sent away with a line to this rock were several boys, natives of the island, who went with the crew for amusement. One of them, aged about ten, jumped out of the boat, and in his hurry fell on his hands and knees, right on the top of a large black-and-white banded sea-snake, which at once bit him savagely on the wrist, causing the blood to flow from a score of tiny punctures. The boy at once swam on shore to be treated by a native; in the evening I heard he was suffering great agony; in the morning the poor little fellow was dead.

The second instance was near Raine Island in Torres Straits. A stalwart young Kanaka, one of the crew of a pearling lugger, was diving for clam shells on the reef, when a snake about three feet in length suddenly shot up from below within a foot of his face. In his anger and disgust, he unthinkingly struck it with his hand, and was quickly bitten on the forefinger. A few hours later he was in a high fever, accompanied with twitchings of the extremities; then tetanus ensued, followed by death in forty-eight hours.

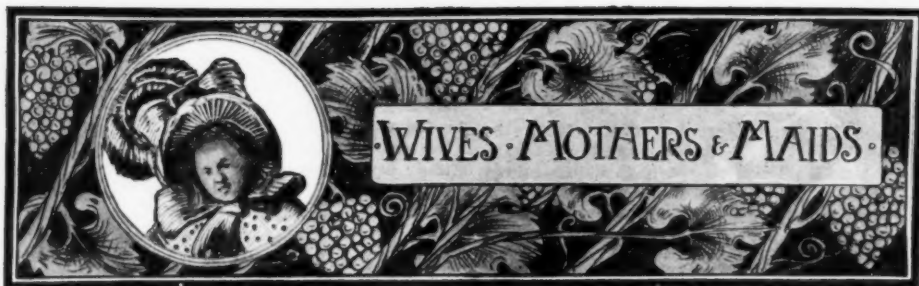
Although these sea-snakes are common to

most tropical seas, they are most frequent about the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. On any smooth day they may be seen disporting themselves on the surface, or, rising suddenly from the depths, erect their heads and some inches of their bodies clear from the water, gaze at the passing vessel, and then swiftly disappear. In nearly all the Pacific Islands, the natives hold them in detestation and horror, and when one is seen lying coiled up on a rock sunning itself, or crawling over the surface of the reef in search of food, a stone, accompanied by a curse, is always hurled at it. In the Ellice Group, when catching flying-fish at night, one (or more) of these horrid serpents is sometimes swept up in the scoop-net, before it can be avoided. They range from six inches to nearly four feet in length, and all have one feature in common—a blunted tail end.—L. B.

Astronomical Notes for July

THE Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 49m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 18m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 58m. and sets at 8h. 12m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 10m. and sets at 8h. 3m. He will be at his greatest distance from the Earth on the 4th. The Moon will be Full at 11h. 18m. (Greenwich time) on the night of the 1st; enter her Last Quarter at 3h. 20m. on the morning of the 9th; become New at 10h. 11m. on the evening of the 15th; enter her First Quarter at 1h. 58m. on the afternoon of the 23rd; and become Full again at 10h. 34m. on the morning of the 31st. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about midnight on the 11th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. No eclipses, or special phenomena of importance, are due this month. The planet Mercury is at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th, but will become visible in the morning towards the end of the month, situated in the eastern part of the constellation Gemini. Venus continues to increase in brilliancy as an evening star, moving during the month from the constellation Cancer into Leo, and passing very near its brightest star, Regulus, on the 27th; she will be a few degrees to the north of the small crescent Moon on the 17th. Mars moves during the month from the constellation Leo into Virgo, passing due south of Beta Leonis on the 5th; he will be near the gibbous Moon on the 21st, and at the end of the month will set about 10 o'clock in the evening. Jupiter is a brilliant object in the constellation Sagittarius throughout the month, never rising very high, and setting now about sunrise; he will be near the Moon on the 28th. Saturn is a short distance nearly due east of Jupiter, and also moving slowly in a westerly direction; he will be at opposition to the Sun on the 5th, and above the horizon all night.

W. T. LYNN.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. M. B.—Thank you for your kind letter. Our readers will doubtless be interested in the information you send, which I subjoin. "May I suggest that it ought to be made known that beautiful carpets and rugs are woven by the poor women helped to regain the path of safety, respectability and often Christianity, by that splendid organisation, the Prison Gate Mission, 40, Blackhall Place, Dublin. The Lady Superintendent, Miss Price, would gladly give particulars. I have watched the weaving of these carpets and been deeply interested in the process; they are made from specially imported oriental materials, and the patterns and shades leave nothing to be desired. I feel sure many more orders would come in did the public know particulars of the high-class work done at the Prison Gate Mission Home. Have you seen the coarse crochet used for trimming pillow-cases, toilet-covers and table-cloths? It is very rich and durable and can be procured inexpensively from our Irish peasants. One poor girl with creeping paralysis has been taught by a lady in our neighbourhood, and is so thankful now to be able to earn a few shillings with her hands, as her feet are useless."

Matilda.—When in Glasgow you can see Mr. Ekshian's Armenian goods at 187, West George Street, where they will be on show during the Exhibition and after.

Secretary would thank any of our readers who would offer suggestions on luggage, with special hints to deputation secretaries. She omits to say where she is going. Generally speaking a Gladstone bag and a carry-all form the most convenient luggage, as they go under the seat in railway-carriages, and can both be carried by their proprietors where portage is not easily available at stations. The bag can take the daintier possessions, while all manner of things of a non-crushable nature will pack into the carry-all. The latter can be made by any handy worker; but as they are on sale from 4s. 6d. it seems unnecessary to venture on the strong sewing which the leather binding entails. For long railway journeys a pair of felt slippers is a great comfort, a linen knee-rug which costs about 3s. keeps the dust of the journey from the clothing, without palpably increasing the sense of heat. When not required

it folds into very small bulk. A sponge moistened with eau de Cologne or toilet vinegar and water, and kept in a little vulcanite or metal case when not in use, proves, with a towel, a great comfort to the summer tourist who likes to look and feel clean, but these properties are only necessary when a journey of several hours is in contemplation. For cold weather a short thick jacket, and a warm knee-rug, which can be put inside the bag-straps when not required, are cosier than any kind of long coat.

Olla Podrida.—You will find *Chambers's Cookery Book for Young Housewives* inexpensive in its price and receipts, while *A Year's Cookery* by Phyllis Browne, published by Cassell and Co. at 1s., is a most valuable assistant to the inexperienced and modestly-monied housewife. A little book of useful receipts is entitled *Three Courses for Threepence*, and is sold, price 6d., by the S. P. C. K. To make home happy is so nearly the whole duty of woman, that I fear but a limited number reach the standard. We can only render our neighbours permanently happy when we are happy ourselves, and that demands, as well as virtue, a hopeful outlook, good health and respect for ourselves. There are cases where the gospel of the rights of others is preached and practised to excess; sometimes house mothers ought to be reminded that they have their personal rights also, and that nobody is served by the habitual suppression of them. People ought to endeavour to define to themselves their own position in the universe, and to strive to maintain it; that is quite as much a duty as to give other people the rights that belong to them. You know "Do as you would be done by" implies mutual obligations. There are cases where people ought to be taught not to yield, not to sacrifice and obliterate themselves. We cannot wrong ourselves without doubly wronging those who assent to our sacrifice. There are partnerships that are peaceable because the rule of one of the firm is always "give" and of the other "take," but it is peace at a price.

Economical.—(1) The cork carpet or cork lino which costs the price of oilcloth is an excellent floor-covering. It is warm to the touch, is as easily swept as oilcloth, and can be had in one

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

plain colour, say Indian red or green. This forms an excellent background for any pretty rugs you like to lay over it. (2) A cabinet washstand which closes when not in use costs from £1 upwards. The lower part holds the jug. (3) You can make a corner wardrobe if you are handy, or you can have one supplied for about 18s. 6d., with curtains. Nail two bars of wood against the wall anglewise from the corner, five to six feet from the floor; on this fasten a shelf into which you have screwed some hanging hooks. Line the space beneath it with cheap cretonne, place an upright board about four inches deep across the corner on the floor, to correspond with the edge of the shelf above. On the edge of the shelf fix a wooden or brass rod on which rings will run easily; to these attach a curtain of heavy material which, when drawn, can be tucked inside the bottom board. Put a row of hanging pins against the wall two or three inches below the shelf, stain the bottom board with walnut-stain, and you have a useful and sightly receptacle for your clothes at small cost. Girls living in apartments will find this wardrobe invaluable, being so light and portable. As a rule lodgings afford little or no accommodation for the lodger's private property.

Sophie.—The Rational Dress Association has ceased to be, but efforts are being made to establish a healthy and Artistic Dress Union in London and elsewhere. I believe it has already a local habitation and a name, but members are aware that it will effect little unless women unanimously agree to adopt its provisions. Every innovation repels at first, while it is well known that familiarity renders anything acceptable. The present dresses are pretty, but long skirts are not suited for outdoor wear, nevertheless the most sensible women don them, fearing to look odd. Of course a skirt that clears the instep is much the

most comfortable, but only very young women should venture to wear such at present. I somewhat unhopefully await developments.

Ada, C.—There is a little book entitled *Paper Flowers and how to make them*, published by Charles and Dible, 25, Paternoster Square, but for decorative purposes it will be well not to use paper flowers very extensively. They can be advantageously used for decorating fire-screens and paper lamp-shades, and, when well and artistically made, can be mixed with natural leaves and grasses with good effect for table decoration in winter; but, in a general way, they belong to the era of wool-mats, bead-baskets and sea-shells.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



From the painting by Winnie MacEwan

THE FISHER GIRL

The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

PRIZE QUOTATIONS

Life in the Country

1. "I consider it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country."

Alcott.

2. "I recall the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all nature, and her inconceivable Author."—*Rousseau.*

3. "Oh country, when shall I see thee, and when shall I be permitted to quaff a sweet oblivion of anxious life!"—*Horace.*

4. "Peaceful, graceful, complete English country life and country houses; everywhere finish and polish; nature perfected by the wealth and art of peaceful centuries."—*Kingsley.*

5. "In the country life goes round like a wheel, and nothing but death or calamity can change the circle of infinitesimal events."—*Miss Braddon.*

6. "To be a husbandman . . . there is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: the utility of it to a man's self: the usefulness or rather necessity of it to all the rest of mankind: the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity."—*Cowley.*

The Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS for the happiest quotation is awarded this month to M. Wight, 12 Viewforth, Edinburgh.

The next subject is "A Mixed Metaphor." If any sent in are original, they should be so marked. Post, on cards, to reach office by 15th July.

SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

SECOND SERIES.

(May to August.)

TWO GUINEAS will be awarded to successful solvers of this series of four Acrostics. Answers to be received by the 15th of each month.

Third of Four

1. "With — and laughter let old wrinkles come . . .

Why should a man whose blood is warm within

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"

2. "He capers, he dances, he has — of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May."

3. "But wherefore do you —? why look you so?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought."

4. "They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'
the moon,
Shouting for —."

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5. "They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and —."

6. "Though — go alone
Like to a lonely dragon that his fen
Makes feared and talked of more than
seen."

7. "Such indeed were — soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers tradefallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace."

8. "So crammed, as he thinks with — that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him."

WHOLE.

"Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever — thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owdest yesterday."

(Give each omitted word, with Act and Scene of each quotation.)

NOTE.—All answers must have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope, must contain competitor's full address, and must reach the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.

Colonial answers received up to 15th August.

No papers for any other competition to be included in envelope for "Fireside Club."



Photo by Clement R. Bollen, Junr.
(*'Leisure Hour' Elsteddfod.*)

Our Chess Page

New Solving Competition. Ten Guineas in Prizes.

As announced last month, we offer prizes, amounting to **Ten Guineas**, for the best solutions of the problems to be published during the next four months—July to October inclusive.

Three Guineas will be reserved for Colonial and other competitors living elsewhere than in Europe.

European solutions to the above must be in our hands by September 10, and those from farther afield by November 15, 1901.

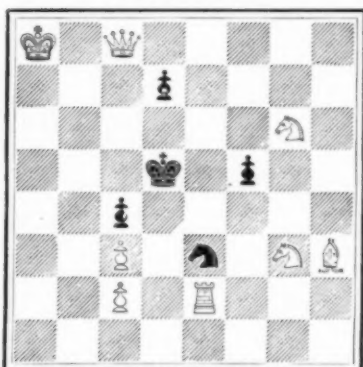
Solutions must be written upon only one side of the paper, and must be headed by the name and address of the sender.

In the event of a close competition preference will be given to the solutions of those who just failed to take a prize in our last Solving Competition.

Here are the first two problems.

No. 1. *Hyacinth.*

BLACK—5 MEN

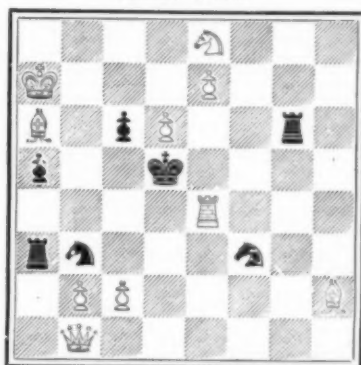


WHITE—8 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 2. *Romola.*

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM TOURNEY, BRITISH AWARD.

The award of the examiners, Messrs. Stevens and Andrews, in the British Section of the recent Problem Tourney is as follows:

THREE-MOVERS—

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| First Prize: | Motto, <i>C. H. H.</i> |
| Second Prize: | " <i>Orlando Furioso.</i> |
| Third Prize: | " <i>The Raven.</i> |
| Hon. Mention: | " { <i>Romola.</i> |
| | " { <i>Many Tries.</i> |

TWO-MOVERS—

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------------|
| First Prize: | Motto, <i>Pro Patria.</i> |
| Second Prize: | " <i>Souvenir.</i> |
| | " { <i>Leisure Hour I.</i> |
| | " { <i>Hyacinth.</i> |
| Hon. Mention: | " { <i>Nydia.</i> |
| | " { <i>Pitti Sing.</i> |

CONSOLATION PRIZES—

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. <i>Leisure Hour I.</i> | 3. <i>Nydia.</i> |
| 2. <i>Hyacinth.</i> | 4. <i>Many Tries.</i> |

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 5. <i>Es freut mich, etc.</i> | 9. <i>To be or not to be.</i> |
| 6. <i>Suum cuique.</i> | 10. <i>Impedee.</i> |
| 7. <i>Zand.</i> | 11. <i>Zdaleka.</i> |
| 8. <i>Chestnut.</i> | 12. <i>Queen of Hearts.</i> |

The names of the composers of the above will be given next month.

The first prize three-mover was published in March, the name of the composer being inadvertently given instead of a motto.

We regret to announce that No. 10 of our recent Solving Competition problems has more than one solution.

The solutions of Nos. 11—17 will be given next month.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket on the Contents page of advertisements.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

A New Competition. Subjects for Debating Societies.

COMPETITION 16

We offer ONE PRIZE of A Guinea, and TWO PRIZES of Half-a-Guinea each for the best lists containing Twenty-four Subjects for papers and discussions in a Debating Society.

Special consideration will be given to the lists which contain the greatest variety of subjects, and which are, as far as possible, original and new.

Lists to be sent to the Editor of the *Leisure Hour*, 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., not later than July 19, 1901.

Each list must have attached to it the Eisteddfod coupon given on the Contents page of this number.

COMPETITION 14. RESULTS

Domestic Photographs. Exteriors and Interiors of Competitors' Homes.

EXTERIORS.

Five Prizes of Five Shillings each:

MISS F. WALDRON, Peasemore House, Newbury,

Berks; MISS WINEARLS, 10 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.; MISS M. G. RAMSAY, Bowland House, Stow, N.B.; MISS F. FOWLER JONES, Quarry Bank, Malton, Yorkshire; REV. E. A. GODSON, The Cottage, Grinshill, Salop.

Highly Commended:

M. GRAY BUCHANAN, Polmont; MISS F. D. PARSON, Cirencester; MISS H. E. SMITH, Romford; E. J. H. HARRIS, Hellesdon; MR. E. PEARSHOUSE, Plymouth; ARNOLD J. BRADLEY, Ripponden.

INTERIORS.

Five Prizes of Five Shillings each:

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN, Henstridge, Somerset; MR. E. PEARSHOUSE, 57 Ebrington Street, Plymouth; MISS GRACE WOOD, The Manor House, Chislehurst; MISS S. J. HEYWOOD, Banner, Beckenham, Kent; ALINE C. HEAD, Offspring, Vrangue, Guernsey.

Highly Commended:

MISS WINEARLS, R. W. COPEMAN (Henstridge), REV. E. A. GODSON.



CULLOMPTON CHURCH, EAST DEVON

Prize Photo by Mr. E. Pearshouse ('The Leisure Hour' Eisteddfod).